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WITHDRAWN

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LETTERS

high winds over Moynihan

Portland, Ore.
Paul Good's diatribe, "Daniel Patrick Moynihan: The Mask of Liberalism" (*The Nation*, Dec. 20), is a consistent follow-up to your editorial, "Rootin' Tootin' " against Moynihan of Dec. 6. Good commences with the "turmoil over Zionism and racism" and ends 3½ pages later with the "profoundly difficult question" of "Zionism in the Mideast." The question is not Zionism or racism; nor is it difficult. The question is simply whether and how the medieval culture of the assassins of the Mideast can be brought up to the Western, humane, democratic Jewish culture of the state of Israel. Your language leads me to another question: how come you have joined the despots of the Soviet Union, Africa and the oil cartel in your intolerance toward the tiny Jewish state of Israel and toward those who see through the despots and assassins who seek to destroy it? *Reuben Lenske*

New York City
Thanks for Paul Good's piece on Daniel Moynihan. It's about time someone blew the whistle on one of this nation's biggest frauds, and did it in such a carefully argued, well-researched way. Congratulations to you and to Mr. Good for an excellent example of courageous journalism. *Robert C. Twombly, Associate Professor*
The City College of New York

New York City
It is one thing to dislike Ambassador Moynihan, to suspect his liberalism, to be appalled by his statement of "benign neglect," but quite something else to liken his behavior at the U.N. . . .[to] Khrushchev's thumping shoe. This is not only a perversity of judgment, it is an offense against those of us appalled by the U.N.'s thumping its collective shoe in the face of decency by equating Zionism with racism—which *The Nation* itself editorially found repulsive. *Joseph Wiseman*

time to get out?

New York City
Dark hints that Washington might decide to withdraw from the U.N. have alarmed many Americans. However, it might be one of the best things that could happen to the U.N.—under certain conditions.

Because of our actions in Vietnam, Cambodia, Santo Domingo, etc., the CIA outrages in Greece, Chile and elsewhere, and the succession of extraordinarily ill-fitted men appointed as our ambassadors to the organization, we have lost the respect of every other nation in the world and can expect no *moral* influence in the U.N.

Because of the veto-power stalemate in the Security Council, we can bring about no decisive Security Council action in ideological disputes, which are the only ones our State Department really cares about.

Therefore, since we can accomplish nothing *in* the U.N., we should promptly get *out*, giving up our seats in the Security Council and the General Assembly, under some such conditions as the following:

(*1*) The Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China to take the same action.

(*2*) The United Nations to leave New York and go to Geneva, Stockholm, The Hague or Montreal.

(*3*) All three withdrawing nations to be given "observer" status, without votes or the right to address U.N. bodies except by unanimous consent.

(*4*) The United States (and the USSR and China, if they wish) to sharply reduce financial support, which at present is a corrupting influence ("Do as we say or we cut your allowance!").

(*5*) Membership in affiliated organizations such as UNICEF to be continued.

Once the three cold-war powers are out of the way, the other nations will be free to start afresh and create an organization of

(*Continued on page 20*)

EDITORIALS

Carey McWilliams

Carey McWilliams's twenty-year tenure as editor of *The Nation*—his association with this magazine goes back still further—comes to an end with this special issue. Next week, our masthead will carry the name of our new editor, Blair Clark.

To summarize even cursorily Mr. McWilliams's achievements as our editor is a task far beyond the scope of these paragraphs. Yet the departure of Carey McWilliams is an event in the history of *The Nation* that demands to be suitably marked. We plan, accordingly, to publish in the spring a special issue, dealing with some of the many social concerns that have claimed his principal attention and constituted the core of his work. That, I believe, is the most appropriate way for this magazine to celebrate his contributions to the political and social ideas of his time.
James J. Storrow jr.

Ford's Candor

Rep. Peter Rodino, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, has ordered a review of the testimony President Ford gave in October 1974 to a judiciary subcommittee regarding his pardon of President Nixon. While Rodino is justified in doing so, his action is belated. He says he was prompted to call for the review after reading a Bob Woodward-Carl Bernstein report that contradicted Ford's sworn statement that "Nobody made any recommendation to me for the pardon of the former President." *The Washington Post* reporters quoted sources who told them Ford had been beseeched by Gen. Alexander Haig Jr., Nixon's chief of staff, to immunize Nixon from criminal prosecution—and that ten days before the pardon was announced Ford had assured Haig he would confer it.

Though Woodward and Bernstein added more detail to the public record of the pardon story, the essential fact that Haig's plea weighed substantially on the pardon decision was reported by *The New York Times* on September 17, 1974, nine days after Ford announced his decision. The story was routinely denied at the time—as the latest *Post* story has been denied—yet it did, and does, deserve to be followed up. According to Woodward and Bernstein, Philip Buchen, counsel to the President, has said Ford now "recalls that he talked with Haig about the pardon from time to time," possibly on the day when, according to the *Post* reporters' sources, Ford assured Haig the pardon would be granted.

Ford's testimony sounded suspicious when he gave it. Bill Nigut reported in *The Nation* ("Some Gaps in Ford's Candor," November 9, 1974), that even from Ford's testimony and news reports alone it was clear Ford had played fast and loose with the truth before the subcommittee. He did so with a degree of cleverness uncharacteristic of his rather bumbling Presidential term. Rather than answer a pointed question in the resolution of inquiry that might well have exposed the resignation-pardon machinations, Ford recast the question to make it innocuous. The second

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question in the resolution introduced by Rep. Bella Abzug and co-sponsored by thirteen others asked bluntly: "Did Alexander Haig refer to or discuss a pardon *for* Richard M. Nixon at any time during the week of August 4, 1974, or at any subsequent time?" (Emphasis ours.) Abzug and her co-sponsors had included follow-up questions in their resolution in case Ford responded affirmatively about Haig. But these questions were never answered, because Ford, as Nigut reported, rephrased the opening question to ask whether Haig "referred to or discussed a pardon *with* Richard Nixon. . . ." (Emphasis ours.) And to that question, Ford could honestly respond, "Not to my knowledge." The subcommittee, evidently awed by having a President as a witness, let the switch pass and Ford thus escaped several basic questions.

Also, when claiming that no one had advised him about the pardon, Nigut observed, Ford failed to mention that he had met with Haig, Nixon and Senate Republican Whip Robert Griffin prior to Nixon's resignation—and that in all three cases, if indications in contemporary reports were correct, the pardon had been discussed. As Nigut pointed out, it was only in the closing moments of the hearing that Ford admitted seeing Nixon on August 8, the day before he took office. That admission was never followed up. "Ford's failure to testify about his meetings on the 7th with Haig and Griffin and with Nixon on the 8th will be interpreted by historians, it now seems likely, as persuasive evidence that Mr. Ford's pardon, indeed, was predicated on a deal with Nixon," wrote Nigut. "Why else would he have avoided testifying about them?"

The recent claim by a White House aide that Ford testified "with candor and truthfulness and he stands by his testimony" is an invitation to pursue to the limits of the available evidence and testimony what may have been a cover-up. One of Ford's few assets as a Presidential candidate has been his widely accepted claim to honesty. It is Representative Rodino's obligation to see that the truth is no longer obscured.

The Reagan Candidacy

Despite recent contradictory Harris and Gallup polls, the Reagan candidacy should be taken seriously. Reagan's stock has climbed in recent weeks largely because Ford's has dropped; on this the polls agree. But there is more to Reagan's candidacy—although not much more—than Ford's inability to hold his constituency. In the twelve years since the Goldwater candidacy, sentiment in the Republican Party has shifted well to the right and Reagan stands better than Ford with the true believers. He is an excellent campaigner. He did not come up through the party's ranks and can therefore appear fashionably unorthodox—"a citizen politician" who is outside "the system." As a Democrat he supported Helen Gahagan Douglas in her 1950 Senatorial campaign against Richard Nixon. In 1960 Reagan made some 200 speeches for Nixon but did not change his registration until 1962. He appeals strongly to many women voters. Goldwater was blunt and indiscreet; Reagan is evasive and cautious. He tops Ford in "the missile crescent" that extends from Florida west through Texas and Arizona to California, a stretch of territory heavily mortgaged to the Pentagon, populated with

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millionaires of the Right and a new and bumptious middle class.

Most Democrats believe that Reagan would be vulnerable on economic issues, as indeed he would be, but "stagflation" is not quite the same phenomenon as "depression." As a housewife said recently on a network program, "This is a very expensive depression." Reagan does not court the votes of the poor, black or white; he is running against them. Worried elements in the lower and middle class may be more concerned with their jobs and meager holdings than with the joblessness of others. Like Reagan, they regard most welfare recipients as "cheaters."

But the major point about the Reagan candidacy is that he is the first authentic media candidate, and the only one entered in a Presidential race that promises to be a media event—that is, a happening staged largely to get maximum publicity, particularly on television. Roosevelt was a marvelous radio performer; Kennedy looked much better on the tube than Nixon. But Reagan is a television star. After appearing in something like fifty-one pictures, mostly Bs, he signed up with General Electric in 1954 and became a television celebrity. As part of a shrewd company program in defense of G.E.'s tough industrial relations policies, he also crisscrossed the country making the same G.E.-sponsored speech, with trick pauses, gags and one-liners, to knife-and-fork club audiences. Where TV is concerned, no candidate has a higher recognition rating. The broadcasters see him not as another politician but as a performing artist.

To ask Reagan a tough question seems almost rude. In his National Press Club performance, he coyly brushed off a few easy general questions about "extremism" by referring to his record as Governor. But that record was less extreme than his proposals would have made it only because in all but one of his eight years in office a Democratic-controlled legislature refused to accept his program *in toto*. In a sense, the record is not his but the legislature's. He should have been questioned about his proposals, then and now. But to date—his immunity is not likely to last much longer—he has led a charmed life. The media's extraordinary deference is best illustrated by their attitude toward his real record.

The place to begin is in the mid-1940s with the part that Reagan played in what is still erroneously called the "strike" of the Conference of Studio Unions. It was not a strike but an artfully staged lockout which found him lined up with the industry and the old-line unions, including the IATSE, which had a long history of gangster control. This disastrous CSU affair set the stage for the redbaiting of the late 1940s, including the prosecution of the Hollywood Ten. (Reagan testified before HUAC as a friendly witness and supported the blacklist on a case-by-case basis.) This episode, like the thrust of Reagan's public relations work for G.E., has been largely ignored by the media (see Dan Biederman's article in *The Nation*, June 22, 1974). They have also passed over Reagan's "performance" as Governor, which is exactly what it was. *Time* quotes him as saying, "I finally figured out this politics. It's like show business. You start with a big opening act, coast, and close with a great crescendo." The performance was not so much reported as "viewed"; the actual sequence of events and the real record were and still are almost ignored (see Larry Agran's analysis of the Reagan record, *The Nation*, June 22, 1974).

Tom Goff, of the Sacramento bureau of the *Los Angeles Times*, has provided one of the few good summaries (November 21, 1975) of Reagan's eight years as Governor:

> He was interested in the quick and dramatic solution—the Sunday punch—that would turn things around right now. In his first year Reagan offered an across-the-board reduction of 10 per cent in all government expenditures. He ended up that year supporting an overall increase of that much or more. His final effort, late in his second term, was to sponsor an initiative which once and for all, he hoped, would put a permanent lid on government spending by placing a mandatory limit on the state's taxing power. The people turned him down. In sum, he offered surface solutions to deep-seated government ills and the amorphous mass that is modern state government simply oozed out from under him.

Reagan supported Goldwater's opposition to the Civil Rights Acts of 1964 and 1965 but that is another well-kept media secret. He has a bad record on civil liberties, including support for a kooky censorship initiative, Proposition 16, calling for a constitutional amendment to rid the state of "smut, pornography and obscenity" and sponsored by CLEAN (the California League Enlisting Action Now), which lost by 700,000 votes. Again this side of his record is not generally known and is seldom mentioned even in articles that purport to assess his record. He has long enjoyed the strong financial support of a group of right-wing California tycoons whose ties and interests need to be much better understood. Jess Unruh, an expert on state government, thought that he could offset Reagan's excellence as a TV performer by changing his own image as an old-style politician. He exercised and lost weight. He posed as an intellectual. But he was no match for Reagan and show-business tactics.

Sociologists Bruce Hackett and Edgar Z. Friedenberg, both then at the University of California at Davis, in an article, "Re: Ronald Reagan," which appeared in *Lithopinion* shortly after Reagan took office in Sacramento, described his performance accurately as "a late show from the largest state." They suggested it just might end up in Washington and explained why. "Ronald Reagan," they wrote, "is partly an artifact of the present political moment—benign cyst rather than a symptom of a massive turn to the right." He thrives, they reasoned, on the absence of a deeply rooted sense of community in California, particularly Southern California. "Southern Californians know Ronald Reagan if they watch the late show; we can imagine that to a great many of them the late show is attractive, because they must have few sustaining and intimate friends—including politicians—to turn to beyond their immediate family." The same general constituency sent tap-dancer George Murphy to the U.S. Senate in 1964.

Once elected, Reagan moved quickly to establish "a moral crisis of almost staggering proportions and then trained the cameras on himself as the obvious fount of spiritual and material regeneration. . . [and] the mass media escalated the Reagan melodrama with characteristic vigor." It was the image, not the record; the performance, not the event, that the media projected. Summing up, Hackett and Friedenberg wrote: "We come to the somewhat reluctant conclusion that the phenomenon of Ronald Reagan conveys no single and coherent meaning.

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He is partly . . . an agent of the most sinister developments in our society, and partly just a nonpolitician of confused and unpredictable purpose."

Few candidates for the Presidency have had less impressive credentials, but if the election is permitted to become a media event, Reagan might fare better than his record could justify. How well he runs in the primaries and later will depend in no small measure on the extent to which the opposition, the press and, above all, the electronic media can bring the real Reagan and his real record to the attention of the voters. Politics is more than show business, although surveying Reagan's career to date one might be forgiven for thinking otherwise.

No Sale

The Bicentennial year is upon us. Its spirit invades the land like the voice of a souvenir vendor on the Fourth of July—a loud, obtrusive spiel whose only virtue is to be so obvious and off-putting that the product is immediately suspect. The hucksters are framing their plans. It's only a matter of time before their overpriced, nonnutritious, red-white-and-blue cornflakes dominate the marketplace. Before it is irrevocably polluted, the Bicentennial ought to be reclaimed.

Corporate and political merchandisers will seek throughout this year of the pitch to sell us on the Bicentennial relevance of their products. Their specific appeals will not be hard to resist, since their manipulative purpose is apt to be transparent. More difficult to guard against will be the ideological bombardments to which we shall no doubt be subjected, because their relation to their sellers' interests may be less readily apparent. The very definition of the American Revolution is at stake, the meaning of its purpose and its achievements. A group at San Jose State University has put it well:

> The Bicentennial has not only been used to sell consumer goods but the ideals which the Bicentennial supposedly celebrates are being peddled in much the same way as their material counterparts. Democracy has come to mean pledging allegiance to the flag, rather than questioning and evaluating what the flag stands for, and how these values and goals can be improved. Freedom and liberty become empty words to purchase and show off as part of our Bicentennial wardrobe, to hang on our walls and paint on our blackboards, rather than concepts which we put into practice in our day-to-day lives. Indeed, it seems that the Bicentennial has become synonymous with maintaining the political *status quo*, by celebrating a past which cannot possibly be altered, rather than facing a present and future which are open to evaluation and change.

We can expect, in the coming year, to be told and retold of the sacred marriage of American democracy and American capitalism, though neither as it now exists bears more than superficial resemblance to the politics and economics of 1776. And while the two are intertwined, as practiced they are hardly sacred. Alan Wolfe persuasively argued in *The Nation* ("Giving Up on Democracy: Capitalism Shows Its Face," November 29), that the future well-being of one is in no sense dependent upon the survival of the other. Indeed, while the Left has been advising democratic socialism, the neo-conservatives now suggest that American capitalism's survival depends largely on restraint of its democratic elements (see also Robert Entman's "What the Neo-Conservatives Prescribe for Us" elsewhere in this issue).

An appropriate Bicentennial observance would plunge back into the roots of America 1976 to demystify once and for all this nation's revolutionary past. Charles Beard's *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*, as well as the critical debate that followed it, would join the Federalist and Jeffersonian texts as required reading for such a venture. The Declaration of Independence would be widely published and read—not just respectfully invoked. Copies of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights would be as plentiful as Gideon Bibles, the works of Tom Paine more widely sold and debated than the novels of Jacqueline Susann.

Instead, we can expect that not only will the spirit of anti-colonial rebellion be soft-pedaled but also that the entire 200-year history of the United States will be splashed with a heavy coat of whitewash. This nation's achievements have been great, but just as great have been the pain, suffering and rank injustice that have followed its growth across the continent and into the world at large since the signing of the Declaration against George III. Rights to vote and to live equally under the law have spread far beyond the hopes—and desires—of at least many of the revolutionary founders. American capitalism has produced an economic empire far more formidable than the anti-colonial rebels could have imagined. But the consequences have been devastating to those who have been trampled and exploited by the American advance and to the environment in which they have lived.

A balanced approach to the Bicentennial is essential. Not balanced in the sense that a network might interview William F. Buckley and John Kenneth Galbraith and fatuously claim to have presented "both sides," but balanced in the sense that these last 200 years are reckoned with openly, that their history is examined with the acknowledgment of complexity the Bicentennial demands.

As might be expected, the federal government seems incapable or unwilling to do the job required. In this election year neither the administration nor Congress seems inclined to foster the needed national introspection and debate. Al Louis Ripskis (see Dave Rothman's "Al Ripskis of HUD: More a Calliope than a Whistle," *The Nation*, February 15, 1975) has provided in his maverick newsletter, *Impact*, a useful indication of the projects the government has pinpointed for federal contributions. Two boondoggles that make his list: $5,000 in federal funds for an $80,000 "Outrigger Canoe Voyage to Tahiti"; $2,000 for a $4,000 "Truth or Consequences National Shuffleboard Contest." Substantive projects have engendered political opposition from one group or another with a stake in a specific definition of Bicentennial meaning. Evidently, only the meaningless will survive.

So as they did in 1776, Americans in 1976 will have to organize and take the initiative if the Bicentennial is to be more than a backslapping carnival. As an alternate to the government-commercial festive celebrations, the People's Bicentennial Commission has been formed to make Americans aware of their critical heritage—and of the continued existence of the injustices that spawned that heritage. Their projects deserve support, as do any that

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aim to explore honestly the issues a Bicentennial should raise. At San Jose State last fall members of the university joined with the local community for a series of programs that, as they described it, put "American Society on Trial [in] an attempt to put the spirit of the American Revolution not only back into the Bicentennial but back into American society, to demonstrate in practice the meaning of our Constitution, our Bill of Rights, our Declaration of Independence." Their project could usefully be duplicated in every community. Public television might well be employed for a series of inquests into the nature of the Revolution's legacy 200 years later. At San Jose, the commemorative project went beyond diagnosis into prognosis. Where problems were found, alternatives and solutions were explored—as were possible ways of realizing them. As we move through this Bicentennial year, that is the approach which could most effectively and appropriately counter the hucksters' plans.

Jessica Smith

In 1916, she was an organizer and speaker for the woman-suffrage movement. In 1922, she visited the Soviet Union and for five years did famine relief work there with the American Friends Service Committee. She contributed first-hand reports from the USSR to *The Nation*. For the last forty years, she has been editor of the *New World Review*. Now, at 80, Jessica Smith will be honored for her work at a February 1st assembly in the Hotel Roosevelt's Grand Ballroom. We send our greetings and wish her well.

Southern Africa: Moment of Crisis

In 1953 The Nation *devoted a year-end issue to southern Africa. The title: "Struggle for Africa: South of the Sahara"; the contributors: Fenner Brockway, Sylvanus E. Olympio, Basil Davidson, Julius Lewin and Robert Wuliger. In the introduction to that issue, we pointed out that this portion of Africa was "the last stronghold of the old European empire" and that it was an area rich in resources in which the United States "has immense stakes, ideological, political, economic." These stakes, we said, often appear confusing and contradictory:*

"Out of our rich revolutionary memories arises a natural sympathy for all peoples who seek freedom; for many decades, here and abroad, we wrote into the record our steadfast abhorrence of empire. But all our wealth is not in memories, and both Wall Street and the Pentagon are writing quite a different record. . . . However we may feel ideologically, we are politically and financially increasingly committed to empire—either our Allies' or our own in competition with theirs. How much of our billions in foreign aid to France, Britain, and Belgium has gone to strengthen the machinery of colonialism?. . .

"But the new community of interest we have found with the Old World empires is not entirely a matter of money. The cold war has added a new dimension to every square inch of the earth's surface: a hill becomes a fortification, a river is a military barrier, a road turns into an armored column, a mine is measured in terms of armaments potential. Thus Africa has become a major strategic land mass. . . . If the white man has never before been so keenly aware of the value of African resources, the black man has never before been so keenly aware of the value of freedom. . . . The United States is in Africa to stay, just as it is in Europe. But we have yet to decide, in the light of treasured human values and our own ultimate security, in which direction we shall throw out influence. 'It will not be many years before the same kind of upheaval now appearing in Asia will be witnessed in Africa,' said Ralph Bunche two years ago. In most of Asia we lost the ideological battle; shall we lose it in Africa, too?"

Since that issue appeared, the pace of change has rapidly accelerated in southern Africa. So it seemed appropriate, notably in view of recent events in Angola, to focus attention on certain aspects of the struggle for freedom that is now moving toward a momentous climax in Africa "south of the Sahara." The scene is, of course, far too complex to be dealt with in a single issue; necessarily we have had to focus on limited aspects of the immense ongoing "struggle for Africa." —The Editors

RATIONALE FOR LUNACY

SEAN GERVASI

The Ford administration has blundered into a dangerous war in Angola. It is a war which could engulf much of Africa. This is an impossible and lunatic enterprise, for it is essentially a war to preserve the *status quo* in southern Africa, the Africa of apartheid. To attempt to preserve white supremacy in Africa is to attempt to turn back history. Apartheid cannot survive; Africa will not tolerate it. And that is why the United States, South Africa, Britain, France and other countries now face an escalating war in Angola.

The United States must withdraw from Angola if it is to avoid a disaster which will have even more serious conse-

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quences than the debacle in Vietnam. That will happen, however, only if we find the courage to begin an objective national debate about Angola. We must understand that what the Ford administration is doing is both lunatic and logical, that our foreign policy is caught in the most profound contradictions. And that these contradictions must be resolved if we are to avoid other Vietnams and Angolas in the future.

What reasoning could lead the United States knowingly into another counterinsurgency war in a poor country? The answer, unfortunately, is that our basic view of the world leads us in that direction. This view is a modernized version of the traditional "balance of power" analysis dear to the heart of European monarchs before the Industrial Revolution transformed the world. It is favored by the Secretary of State, who studied European history. It has become the matrix of thought in the national security apparatus. And it literally compels us to take an interventionist stance in world affairs.

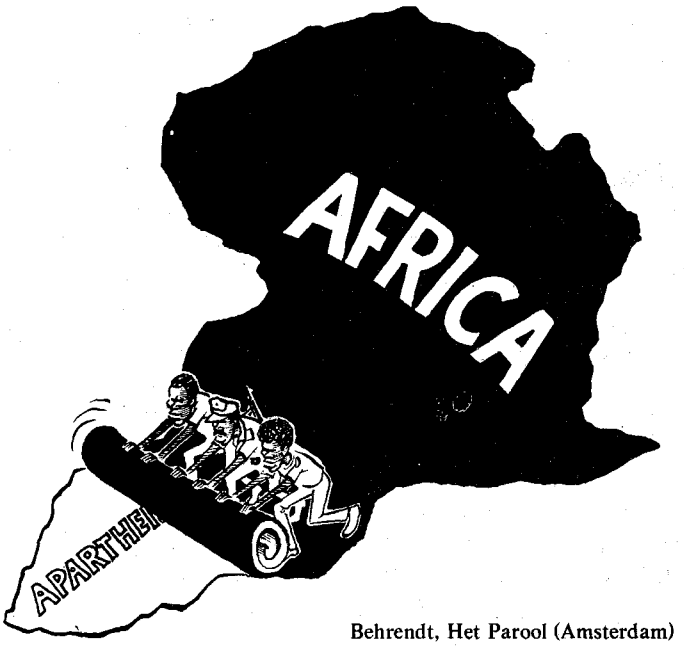
This analysis provides the framework for the formulation of policy toward every area of the Third World. It may be summarized in the following propositions: (*1*) the rich countries of North America, Western Europe and Japan now constitute a bloc with common interests; (*2*) it is politically vital to these countries to maintain their influence in their traditional spheres of interest; (*3*) the rich countries are now dependent on the Third World economically; (*4*) the Third World must consequently be policed in order to insure stability there; (*5*) the United States cannot do this job alone, and neither can its European allies; (*6*) we must therefore rely on friendly "middle powers" of the Third World to do the job for us.

The first proposition may seem obvious enough. It is not. Many of the countries in this bloc were waging war on one another some thirty years ago. Such definitions are partly a matter of choice. We have chosen a definition which groups together the rich capitalist countries. This means that we see the world as an arena in which the rich are struggling for power against "others." In the conventional view, that is the essence of world politics, since the struggle for power is inevitable. But is it? After all, the rich are not just struggling for power. If they are the rich, they are also struggling to maintain their advantages, their privileges. Are those inevitable? Is it not naive to assume that the world will not change? The first proposition, then, while it appears to be bland, is actually rather dangerous. It leads easily to the view that we are on a collision course with the rest of the world.

The second proposition is an extension of the first. Most of the countries of the Third World have historical, cultural, economic and other ties with countries in the Western bloc. The relations between the two groups, however, are unequal. The Western countries are wealthy and powerful. They are able to exert considerable influence in the countries of the Third World, many of which were colonies until recently. The Western countries take their influence for granted. And they believe that if they lose it, if they are no longer able to dominate the Third World, they will be losing in "the world struggle for power." The first corollary of this proposition is "the theory of falling dominoes."

The third proposition is important and relatively new. The postwar period saw a remarkable prosperity in the Western bloc. Economic growth was rapid and almost uninterrupted. By the early 1960s total output had reached unprecedented levels. GNP in the United States, for instance, was roughly five times what it had been in the 1930s. This expansion was accompanied by a very rapid growth of international trade and investment. Much of the interchange was among the wealthy countries. But large amounts of capital began to flow to the Third World, for private and public investment. Western countries expanded their exports of manufactures to the developing countries until they dominated most markets in them. And they began to sell to those same markets through the foreign affiliates of their own large corporations. In short, the markets of the Third World became important. Many large Western corporations began to earn a significant percentage of their profits in Africa, Asia and Latin America.

One of the most remarkable features of the postwar expansion, however, was the growth of trade in raw materials. The Western countries suddenly found that they needed raw materials in quantities far exceeding what anyone had foreseen. Unprecedented levels of production required unprecedented quantities of raw materials. When these could not be found at home, they had to be imported. The Western countries thus found themselves obliged to import ever larger quantities of raw materials from the developing countries, which are well endowed with them. And insuring the supplies which are necessary for future growth is of fundamental importance. This is now one of the most serious problems confronting the Western bloc. Thus the Western powers have become economically dependent upon a group of countries whose interests are far removed from their interests.



Behrendt, Het Parool (Amsterdam)

The fourth proposition is the conclusion drawn from the first three. "Stability" is now the key concept in Western policy toward the Third World. If the *status quo* cannot be maintained, the present world economic order, it is thought, may well collapse. It is doubtful that the West could cope with the changes that such a disruption would entail. Despite the difficulties, therefore, the Western

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countries have determined to hold the line. In their view, there is no alternative.

The fifth proposition is drawn from experience in applying the fourth. By the early 1960s Western planners were taking the view that the focus of confrontation between East and West was shifting to the Third World. The United States and other countries created large conventional forces specifically designed for counterinsurgency. The United States assumed the principal burden of providing a counterinsurgency capability for the Western alliance. This capability was used repeatedly and with effect. Until Vietnam. The experience of that war revealed the fundamental contradiction implicit in Western policy toward the Third World. Massive power and foreign troops are ineffective against popular armies. The inability of the vastly superior American forces to achieve victory caused shock and surprise within the United States. The result was a general collapse of domestic support for a U.S. role as "world policeman."

The last proposition, the necessity to rely on "middle powers," sets out the relevant part of the Nixon-Kissinger doctrine. This doctrine argues that the Western countries must now establish a decentralized, global system of defense. So far as policy toward the Third World is concerned, the important point is that it proposes to bring new members into the alliance. These are countries friendly to the West which are "middle powers" in their own right. That is, they are capable of dominating their neighbors. As one observer put it, "local hegemonies emerge as global hegemony fades." The idea is to construct an extended alliance which links strong "middle powers" with the major Western powers.

In the late 1960s U.S. policy makers were moving toward the view that South Africa might be used in the role of a "middle power." By then it had become clear that southern Africa was a particularly important part of the Third World. The United States and Britain had important ties with many countries in the region. Many of them were members of the British Commonwealth. Western investments in South Africa and other parts of the region were growing rapidly. Britain was already earning several hundred million pounds a year from its investments in South Africa. Southern Africa was an important market for American and Western European countries. Many multinational corporations were establishing subsidiaries in the region. South Africa provided important quantities of gold, diamonds and nonferrous metals. Namibia was discovered to possess important uranium reserves. Zambia had copper. Rhodesia had chromite. In short, the southern African region was friendly, wealthy and developing. South Africa dominated the region economically and politically, and stability was the condition of its own local dominance.

It was also clear that southern Africa was unsettled. Guerrilla wars had been going on in the Portuguese colonies to the north of South Africa for some years. There was growing pressure for decolonization everywhere, not only in Angola and Mozambique but also in Namibia and Rhodesia. These were taken as dangerous signs. If the Portuguese were defeated in Angola and Mozambique, South Africa and Rhodesia would find themselves in great difficulty. The liberation movements would no longer be hundreds of miles away in Brazzaville and Dar es Salaam but on their borders. If the dominoes began to fall the whole of southern Africa might explode. And an explosion in South Africa itself would be violent. Africa south of the Sahara would be thrown into turmoil. The consequences would be unpredictable.

Decolonization in Portuguese Africa and the elimination of apartheid were judged to be dangerous. They would jeopardize important Western interests in the area. If a revolution took place in South Africa, Western interests in much of Africa might be jeopardized. The United States therefore embarked upon a policy of discreet assistance to Portugal, South Africa and Rhodesia. A 1969 National Security Council study on southern Africa suggested that such a policy was necessary and feasible. And in early 1970 President Nixon adopted Option 2 of that study. By his action he carried us into a tacit alliance with South Africa and Portugal. This is how the "General Posture" to be adopted is described:

> We would maintain public opposition to racial repression but relax political isolation and economic restrictions on the white states. We would begin by modest indications of this relaxation, broadening the scope of our relations and contacts gradually and to some degree in response to tangible—albeit small and gradual—moderation of white policies. Without openly taking a position undermining the United Kingdom and the U.N. on Rhodesia, we would be more flexible in our attitude toward the Smith regime. We would take present Portuguese policies as suggesting further changes in the Portuguese territories. . . .

The decision to take this step represented an important change in U.S. policy. Sanctions against Rhodesia were relaxed. Jet aircraft were sold to the Portuguese. The arms embargo against South Africa was relaxed. The liberation movements were condemned as perpetrators of "violence." Selected exchange programs began with South Africa. In short, the United States began to move to support the *status quo* in southern Africa. This meant underwriting apartheid and settler rule.

A great deal else appears to have been done to help the white powers, most of it secretly. We are only beginning to learn about it. The net result of it all has been to strengthen the white powers considerably. Despite our efforts, however, and despite the efforts of Britain and other Western powers, the white system in southern Africa has begun to collapse. The loss of Angola and Mozambique was a devastating blow to Portugal. It was almost as devastating a blow to South Africa.

It is important to understand what the collapse of Portuguese colonialism means. Portugal was brought to its knees by national liberation movements. The experts had argued for years that the liberation movements could never win, just as many experts had argued that the NLF would never win in Vietnam. We know now that experts, or those who are conventionally assigned the role, often refuse to see what is obvious. In Vietnam many of them refused to acknowledge the strength of the NLF. They have also refused to see the importance of the massive political mobilization set in motion by the liberation forces in southern Africa. They are thus unable to assess the true balance of forces there.

That is why the secret policy of rapprochement with the white powers of southern Africa led directly to our intervention in Angola. Kissinger and Nixon were seeking to

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"stabilize" southern Africa in order to protect Western interests there, and all the conventional calculations told them that they could succeed. The liberation movements were "divided and weak." The white regimes were very powerful. Western economic and military assistance would make them more powerful. They expected Portugal to hold.

Portugal, however, could not hold. When it collapsed in April 1974, Kissinger and Nixon found a new and more dangerous situation. The arc of buffer states protecting South Africa was gone. The liberation movements posed a direct threat to its borders. By late 1974, when Ford had become President, it was obvious that something had to be done. In January the new President signed on for the secret war in Angola. Thus, once again, the failure of a policy led to deeper U.S. involvement and military escalation.

The U.S. attempt to prevent the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola from assuming power was reckless from the beginning. It was bound to fail. And its failure has created an exceedingly dangerous situation. South Africa realized that the U.S. effort was failing, probably in the autumn of 1974. It then mounted, in the middle of October, a major invasion of Angola, sending in more than 2,000 mercenaries and 5,000 regular troops with air support. This invasion has traumatized Africa and is likely to lead to far-reaching changes in African political alignments. The United States is now seen in a tacit military alliance with South Africa, an alliance whose object is clearly the preservation of white supremacy in southern Africa. Is that what the American people want?

If we are to prevent a major tragedy in Angola, we must understand where we went wrong. It won't do any good to place the matter in the hands of the Organization of African Unity. It won't do any good to ask for a government of reconciliation in Angola. It won't do any good to go to the United Nations. The only way to avert a disaster in Angola, to avoid a repetition of Vietnam, is to go to the root of the matter. This means that our policy makers must be made to understand that their view of the world, their analysis of the relations between the rich and the poor, is totally unrealistic.

We urgently need a national debate on our foreign policy toward the Third World, and particularly toward Angola now. We are courting disaster by our present policy. The formula of applying brute power everywhere, in alliance with the most conservative powers, does not work. The poor seek a new international economic and social order. If we try to preserve that order as it has been, we shall spend a century fighting "two, three, many Vietnams." □

RHODESIAN DETENTE

LARRY W. BOWMAN

To write about southern Africa in 1975, one has had to be either foolish or fearless. Uncommon alliances have emerged, unlikely events have become commonplace, and the tempo of events has seemed uncontrolled—particularly in light of the glacial pace of change that has so long been the rule.

It was just a year ago that Prime Minister John Vorster of South Africa and President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia unveiled their détente strategy for Rhodesia. Countless meetings have since been held on this question—none more dramatic than the Vorster-Kaunda summit at Victoria Falls in August—but at year's end Prime Minister Ian Smith still clung to power in Salisbury and now it is perhaps worth reflecting what a year of détente has accomplished.

In brief, what has emerged is a Zambian-South African endeavor to bring the ten-year Rhodesian political crisis over independence to an end. The apparent goal is to move Rhodesia to a government of African majority rule within a few years (probably no more than five), and thus to forestall the emergence of a major liberation struggle within Rhodesia.

Despite the lack of success so far, the most important fact about the détente is that it is still being pursued. It endures because Vorster and Kaunda have each a large political stake in its success. Their commitment can hardly be overestimated and it remains the primary ongoing impetus for political change in Rhodesia. For Vorster, a Rhodesian settlement has become a critical part of South Africa's much broader strategy of defending apartheid by developing regularized political relations with black African governments. Smith must be replaced if this strategy is to have any chance. For Kaunda, the inducement to work with South Africa on the Rhodesian question stems from his desire to find a nonviolent solution to the Rhodesian impasse before Zambia becomes committed as the major host country for a long-term war of liberation against Rhodesia. In addition, Zambia has concrete economic problems—especially copper export—that would be much alleviated if an acceptable Rhodesian solution could be reached. A settlement there would allow Zambia again to export through Rhodesia to the Mozambique ports of Beira and Lourenço Marques—a cheaper and more efficient route than any now available.

But the fact that Zambia and South Africa persevere does not in any way minimize the obstacles to a Rhodesian settlement. Smith and his white countrymen are hardly eager to give up power and the internecine battling among different Rhodesian African factions has complicated the prospects for negotiation. The motives and strategies of these groups must be briefly assessed if one is to grasp the complexities of the situation and understand why as yet there is no agreement.

The position of the white Rhodesians is perhaps the easiest to understand. As of last November 11, they had

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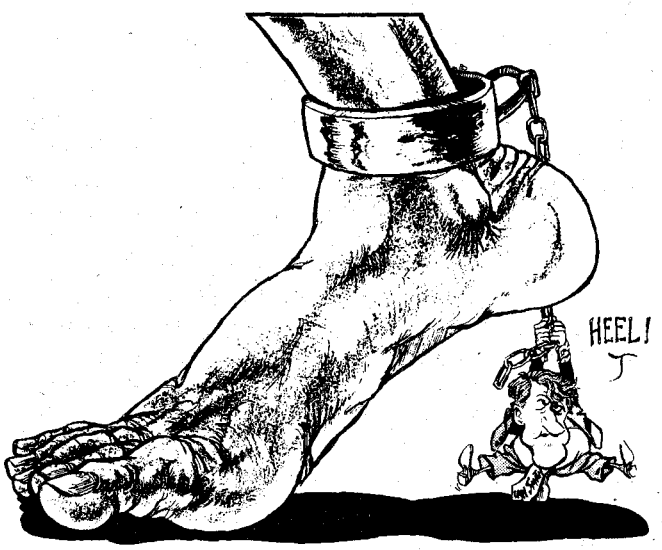
maintained for ten full years a tenuous international existence as a pariah state—fully recognized by no other government. Yet despite their ability to hold on (250,000 whites dominating 5.7 million Africans), they have seen their strength slowly eroded by changing circumstances. The coming to power of FRELIMO in Mozambique, the persistence of international economic sanctions, and particularly the diminished commitment of South Africa have all worked to make their situation less and less tenable.

What is now being asked of Smith is that he come to a constitutional conference with the African nationalists of Rhodesia and strike a political bargain that will be acceptable to the Africans and to their mentors in the independent African countries. Needless to say, this looks to him like political suicide and he is dragging his feet and obstructing détente as best he can.

The pressure on Smith to negotiate comes primarily from Vorster. During 1975 South Africa took several explicit steps to force Smith toward the conference table. The most important of these was the withdrawal of South African police units from Rhodesia, where they had been helping against guerrilla incursions since 1967. This move



Uluschak, Edmonton Journal (Canada)

The Supremacy of Ian Smith

both warned Rhodesia of its isolation and was a signal to black Africa of South Africa's desire to avoid a military confrontation with Zambia over Rhodesia. Vorster could sell this police withdrawal to his own white constituents because of Zambia's stern crackdown on ZANU, the major Rhodesian liberation movement operating out of Zambia. The South African-Zambian bargain was there for all to see.

South Africa has also tightened up on Rhodesia economically. Its businessmen are refusing to provide the false trade documentation whereby Rhodesia had previously circumvented the U.N. boycott. In August South Africa told Rhodesia that its ports would be unable to handle additional quantities of Rhodesian freight; this particularly hinders Rhodesia's ability to get its minerals to export markets. And it was rumored late in the year that South African financier Anton Rupert—a figure closely associated with détente—had withdrawn from large-scale tobacco purchases. In any case the price of Rhodesian tobacco plummeted and the general economic outlook at year's end was unusually bad.

Just how openly Vorster and Smith are pursuing different courses in Rhodesia was explicitly revealed in October when Vorster publicly embarrassed Smith. The latter had stated on television that he had been near an agreement earlier in the year with Bishop Abel Musorewa of the African National Council on terms for a constitutional conference, but that by pushing for détente Vorster had hurt chances for a Rhodesian settlement. Vorster openly rejected Smith's appraisal of the situation and Smith abjectly apologized.

White Rhodesia, after a year of détente, finds itself in an ever more difficult and compromised position. It can do little to resist South African pressure, since it has no other allies. Indeed, South Africa will be the future home for many of its whites if Africans come to power in Rhodesia. It is an ironic fact that white Rhodesia's best hope in the current situation is the continuing disarray among its indigenous African opposition. Their experience in the past year must now be assessed.

Détente began when President Kaunda (with the tacit approval of Presidents Nyerere of Tanzania, Khama of Botswana and Machel of Mozambique) imposed unity on the feuding nationalist factions of Rhodesia. At the December 1974 meetings in Lusaka, Zambia, Bishop Musorewa was named interim president of the unified African National Council. The three Rhodesian leaders of nationalist groups—Joshua Nkomo of ZAPU, the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole of ZANU, and James Chikerema of FROLIZI—all accepted secondary positions. Yet, by the end of 1975, Nkomo was the apparent leader of the ANC group within Rhodesia and Sithole and Musorewa had joined Chikerema in more or less permanent exile in Zambia and Tanzania. The nationalist movement was as totally fragmented as before.

The faction that has had the worst year has been ZANU. It had acceded to the unity move only under extreme pressure, for it alone had an effective revolutionary movement operating within Rhodesia. Sithole and the ZANU leadership, then as now, believed that only through armed struggle would Africans get their freedom in Rhodesia.

As part of the détente effort, however, Zambia sharply cracked down on ZANU militants operating within Zambia. Initially, its broadcasts into Rhodesia were halted; then its offices were closed. In March its leader in Lusaka, Herbert Chitepo—the prime organizer of the ZANU liberation army—was assassinated. This was followed by Zambian arrests of more than seventy civilian and military leaders of ZANU, ostensibly as part of a search for Chitepo's killer. They are still being held by Zambian authorities. Later in the year there was apparent trouble within ZANU base camps in Zambia and many deaths were reported.

The upshot of all this is that, within the space of a year, the most effective revolutionary organization in Rhodesia has been badly hurt. Its drive into northeast Rhodesia has been stalled; its supply lines have been broken; and Smith claims to have destroyed most of the ZANU army that remained in Rhodesia. The ZANU leader, Sithole, is in Tanzania. So the Rhodesian nationalist faction that, because

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of its battlefield successes in 1973-74, was most responsible for the current diplomatic efforts, finds itself unable to enjoy the fruits of its struggle.

Within Rhodesia itself, the year was marked by extensive maneuvering between Joshua Nkomo of ZAPU and Bishop Musorewa of the African National Council. This largely concerned Nkomo's attempts to call a party congress, where he hoped to displace Musorewa as leader of the ANC. Although Musorewa was reconfirmed as ANC leader at a major unity conference in Dar es Salaam in July, the situation in Rhodesia came to a head in September and October when Nkomo finally managed to get a bare majority of the ANC executive to call for a party congress. At this congress, Nkomo was elected president of the ANC in place of Musorewa. The ANC faction supporting Musorewa countered by holding a massive rally in Salisbury which impressed everyone, but did not affect Nkomo.

This bleak set of events is all too familiar to followers of Rhodesian African politics. While all factions can agree that they want Smith out immediately, they can agree on little else. The present situation leaves Nkomo in charge of the ANC within Rhodesia and therefore in position to negotiate with Smith. Meanwhile in exile, Musorewa and Sithole have taken command of the Zimbabwe Liberation Council. They both are now denouncing Nkomo and are calling for the resumption of the armed struggle. For the moment, however, armed struggle is more or less precluded by Zambian policy and its resumption awaits further developments from within Rhodesia—more specifically the possibility of successful negotiations there between whites and blacks.

Viewed historically, there appears to be little ground for hope that talks between whites and blacks in Rhodesia could lead to any kind of settlement. Countless previous efforts have failed because no compromise was possible between the African desire for majority rule and the white desire to maintain domination indefinitely. This pattern continued throughout 1975. Smith held intermittent talks with Musorewa and later with Nkomo about terms for a constitutional conference. The most publicized of these meetings was the one in August on the train at Victoria Falls, but there, as elsewhere, nothing could be settled.

It would all seem hopeless, but in reality neither the whites nor the Africans are any longer fully in control of their own fates. On each side the persistent pressure of Vorster and Kaunda has forced the contestants closer and closer to serious negotiations. On the African side, Kaunda has clearly favored the emergence of Nkomo as leader of the African National Council. Not surprisingly, Nkomo is also the leader favored by Vorster, since he is widely considered the most moderate of the Rhodesian nationalists. Vorster's pressure on Smith is to strike a deal with Nkomo, on the ground that it will be the best that he can get. (Smith, of course, would like to deal with the traditional chiefs—as Vorster himself does in South Africa—but Kaunda and the rest of independent Africa would never allow it.)

In November and early December, Smith and Nkomo met several times—the first exchanges between white and African leaders since Victoria Falls. The two leaders have just announced a joint agreement which is supposed to open the way for constitutional discussion. It includes a concession by Smith that could allow Sithole and Musorewa free access in and out of Rhodesia if they wish to attend the talks. It remains to be seen what, if anything, will come out of these new discussions.

Nkomo has steadily held to the position that he is interested only in independence with majority rule; he could ask for no less without once again jeopardizing his leadership. The only place where there might be some flexibility would be in the timing. While Nkomo may want an immediate transfer of power, he is likely to be amenable to spreading the process over several years, a concession that Sithole (and perhaps Musorewa) would not countenance. Nkomo has little choice but to negotiate with Smith since he lacks any credible liberation movement with which to threaten the whites.

For his part, Smith has recently hinted that he might accept some Africans in the Cabinet, but whether he is talking about paper concessions or the beginning of a serious devolution of power remains to be seen. Many questions about the franchise, the control of the police, the parameters of permissible political activity, etc., remain unanswered.

On the African side, the strong hand for the moment appears to be held by Nkomo. South Africa and Zambia prefer him; he is in control within Rhodesia. But now he must finally deliver, rather than repeat his failures of the past. He must get from Smith something that his followers in Rhodesia will recognize as a tangible gain, and whatever it is it must be good enough and ironclad enough so that Kaunda can convince Julius Nyerere, Samora Machel and Seretse Khama that their support of his détente efforts has paid off. The situation for Musorewa, Sithole and the more militant Africans is difficult. They are being held in check until the present round of negotiations runs its course. Machel and Nyerere, who almost certainly would prefer ZANU and Sithole to win in Rhodesia, are momentarily neutralized by their unity behind Kaunda and by their willingness—for personal, political and economic reasons—to allow the Vorster-Kaunda initiative its chance. On the other hand, if Kaunda and Vorster cannot deliver, it is hard to imagine that the others would not finally break with détente and support a renewed insurgency.

The situation ultimately comes down to Vorster's willingness to topple Smith. There was a wonderful cartoon in the South African press recently in which Vorster was teaching Smith to spell. D-E-T-E-N-T was written on the blackboard and Smith was being asked to complete the spelling. He added I-O-N instead of the E that was clearly called for. Will Vorster continue to let Smith have his way in Salisbury? Probably not. Smith is now a liability for Vorster. He stands in the way of an important victory for détente, and South Africa sees détente as central to its buying of time for the shoring up of apartheid (and the implementation of separate development).

South Africa seems prepared to take the reasonable gamble that an economically dependent Rhodesia under moderate African nationalist leadership will be its best defense against the forces of change pointing in its direction. South Africa views its economic hegemony throughout southern Africa as its trump card for survival.

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If that is true, Vorster would much rather deal with Nkomo than with Smith, who simply causes him international embarrassment, or Sithole, who might join Machel in truly revolutionary action against South Africa. While this overall attempt to ease Smith out will no doubt take longer than either Kaunda or Vorster would like, it seems to me that their mutual stake in détente is so high that failure and the inevitable recourse to armed struggle is unlikely. The fall of Ian Smith looms ever closer on the horizon. □

LUANDA IS MADRID

IMMANUEL WALLERSTEIN

Paris

Angola has become the focal point of world political conflict in the 1970s in exactly the way Vietnam was in the 1960s and Spain in the 1930s. It is the story of a localized war which is nonetheless the meeting point of world forces. It is a long and extended war. Despite all the complexities and confusions, the sides are clear, and those who will not choose have thereby chosen. Its outcome will have a major effect not merely on its immediate neighbors, but on political struggles everywhere in the world.

For all these reasons it is extremely important to get the facts straight, to pull apart the multiple strands which, by now, have a complicated history. I therefore propose to recount in some detail the prehistory of the present struggle, what occurred before the Portuguese coup of 1974. It is only thus that one can appreciate the implications of the present war for southern Africa and the world as a whole.

We start with two particularities that have largely determined the particular evolution of Angola's movement of national liberation: Angola was a colony of Portugal; Angola is located in southern Africa. To have been a colony of Portugal in the 20th century rather than a colony of the other European colonial powers, notably Great Britain or France, meant primarily two things. First, the metropole was itself "underdeveloped," a semi-colony, and the prospective economic losses from decolonization were greater for powerful interests there than they would have been for similar groups in other countries. Hence the resistance to "decolonization" as a political strategy was exceptionally strong. Second, the metropole was, until 1974, a Fascist state in which all opposition (which included all Portuguese even mildly sympathetic to African aspirations) was underground. Hence the possibility for Africa to follow a policy of what might be called "parliamentary anti-colonialism" was nonexistent.

From this pair of pincers many things followed. The freedom movements in the Portuguese colonies were among the last to be formed in the colonial world. The movements were from the beginning clandestine and oriented to armed struggle. Not only did it require a major institutional upheaval in Portugal (how much of a revolution it is seems in doubt) for a policy of decolonization to become legitimate there, but it can truly be said that the struggle of the African movements is what made it possible to overthrow the Fascist regime. Thus the government of Portugal today, and especially the now-dissolved Armed Forces Movement, owed a particular debt to the African movements. Finally, the fact that movements in Portuguese Africa were among the "last" was not entirely negative. It enabled these movements to profit by the experiences of others, a circumstance that has served the Angolans well today.

The Portuguese component of the background is Portugal's historically structured relative poverty. The southern African component is the opposite. Angola lies astride a mineralogical belt which makes it one of the richest areas in natural resources in the world today—to which was added in the 1960s the fortune of the discovery of oil. Angola is a prize worth seizing, not merely as one more pawn in a world power struggle, but quite literally for itself as an economic entity. And the fate of Angola is intimately tied up with the fates of Zaïre and South Africa, two other economic "prizes." So the world is playing for high economic stakes in the narrow sense, in a way that was never true, for example, in Indochina.

These two components—Portugal's poverty and southern Africa's wealth—account for much of the history of Angolan nationalism, which I shall try to summarize briefly before coming to the present situation. In the 20th century, three social changes of some significance occurred in Angola, each of which evolved slowly but at an accelerated pace after World War II.

(*1*) Portuguese policy led to the creation of a very thin segment of educated Angolans who were given the legal status of *assimilados*, a status which accorded access to white-collar and professional positions and, for a few, a university education in Portugal. Some, but by no means all, of this group were mulattoes.

(*2*) The push to escape forced labor in Angola (which was not abolished, even legally, until 1961) and the pull of economic development in Leopoldville (today called Kinshasa), capital of the neighboring Belgian Congo, led to a steady emigration from northern Angola, especially by the Bakongo, since that tribe was also the "host" ethnic group in Leopoldville and its environs. The migrants "assimilated" well, and many came to speak better French than Portuguese.

(*3*) The push of agricultural poverty in Portugal and the desire of the authorities to encourage small cash-crop plantations in Angola led to a steady migration of Portuguese colonists, who grew in number to a point that Angola could be placed in the category of white settler colony (along with Algeria, Kenya and Southern Rhodesia, for example).

Three emergent social groups, three political thrusts.

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The urban-educated African cadres in Luanda (and in Lisbon) gave birth in the 1950s to the Movimento Popular para a Libertaçao de Angola (MPLA). The migrant Bakongo living in Leopoldville gave birth in the 1950s to the Uniao das Popoulaçoes de Angola (UPA). The white settlers in Angola grew restive as settlers tend to do, flirted for a while with Left opposition to the Salazar regime, and finally fell back for the most part into their logical stance as bulwarks of resistance to any form of "decolonization."

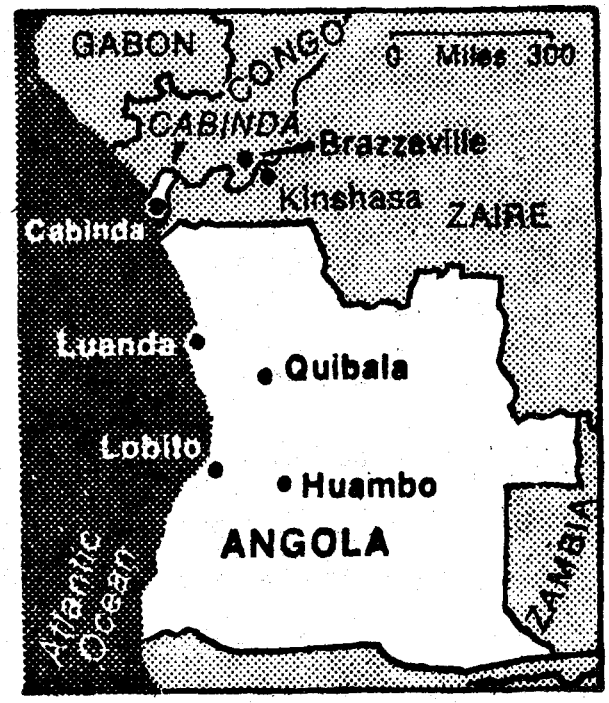
Both the MPLA and the UPA followed paths in their early days which resemble those of many other movements. The MPLA was founded by "intellectuals." It had to carve its nationalism out of the larger entity, greater Portugal, and the latter's ideology of "luso-tropicalism." Thus, it was forced to define itself first of all vis-à-vis the Portuguese Left. In the 1950s the African students in Lisbon (who included Amilcar Cabral, Agostinho Neto, Marcellino dos Santos, Mario de Andrade) were engaged in a little-known ideological debate with the Portuguese Left, including the underground Communist Party. Both sides were opposed to the regime, but whereas the Portuguese Left defined the evil it opposed as "fascism," the African students insisted that the evil was "fascism *and* colonialism." The founding of the MPLA, the first truly "nationalist" movement in Portuguese Africa, meant the rejection of a view that the internal class struggle in Portugal should take priority over the national liberation of Angola.

The UPA was founded by uprooted urban migrants who came together on their ethnic identity. It started life in 1954 as the UPNA, the "N" standing for North. It was at first nothing but an ethnic association, and its leader was a migrant with some education and links to a traditional chief named Holden Roberto. The UPA tried to create its nationalism by attaching other ethnic groups to its Bakongo base. The first step was the initial change of name in 1958 to UPA. The second step was an alliance with some other neighboring ethnic groups in 1962, which produced the Frente Nacional de Libertaçao de Angola (FNLA).

The problem of the MPLA was to enlarge its base vertically in terms of popular support. The problem of the FNLA was to widen its base horizontally in terms of ethnic support. In the 1960s the MPLA was to show itself far more successful than the UPA-FNLA in resolving its problem. The key point to remember, however, is that the present split in Angola of two competing forces had already crystallized by 1960.

The split might conceivably have been overcome in the common nationalist struggle against Portuguese colonialism, had it not been reinforced and sharpened in the larger southern African scene. For it must also be noticed that not only Portuguese Africa but southern Africa as a whole was "late" in decolonizing. And the overall explanation can be stated in two phrases: white settlers and mineral wealth. Here enters the United States Government in the role of long-term protector of the interests of the multinational corporations which controlled this mineral wealth.

In West, Central and East Africa, the United States could afford to be relatively relaxed about the fact of decolonization; indeed, even benignly "liberal." Few investments were at stake, and if these states were decolonized "gracefully" one could expect the resulting independent African governments to be "moderate." And that, by and large, has turned out to be the case. But southern Africa was a major resource area and, largely because of the white-settler element, a more politically volatile one.



The New York Times

The so-called Congo crisis or crises of 1960-64 was the opening phase of what promises to be southern Africa's Thirty Years' War. For the province of Katanga in the Congo (since renamed Shaba in Zaïre) was the northern tip of the mineral belt and had a white-settler population. The sudden decolonization of the Belgian Congo in 1960 was, for the multinationals, a risky "gamble," and for the white settlers of southern Africa a disastrous breach in their fortress. When an authentic and irrepressible nationalist like Patrice Lumumba came to power in the Congo, the risk turned sour and the United States decided to intervene. (Those who followed the situation closely knew this in 1960, but for the doubters quite detailed revelations have recently emerged from the U.S. Congress' investigations into the covert operations of the CIA.)

This is not the place to review the enormously intricate ups and downs of the Congolese crisis. For present purposes, three facts must be kept in mind:

(*1*) The Congolese divided not into two but into three camps: the Lumumbists, incarnating progressive nationalism; the Katangan secessionists, led by Moïse Tshombe; and a politico-military coalition, including Joseph Kasavubu (Bakongo ethnic leader and first President of the Congo); Cyrille Adoula (the United States' favorite son) and Gen. Joseph-Désiré Mobutu (the man on horseback and ultimate military victor).

(*2*) Faced with this triple split, the independent African states also split into the so-called "revolutionary" Casablanca group backing the Lumumbists, and the so-called "moderate" Monrovia group backing the Kasavubu-

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Adoula-Mobutu coalition (the Congo-Brazzaville regime of Abbé Youlou was almost alone in supporting Tshombe). Outside Africa, the USSR backed the Lumumbists (but rather feebly); the United States, the multinationals, the United Nations Secretariat and Great Britain backed the Kasavubu-Adoula-Mobutu forces (and rather vigorously); South Africa, Portugal, Rhodesian whites, Belgian white settlers and to some extent France backed Tshombe (while Belgian mining interests were ambivalent).

(*3*) As the split in the Congo hardened, so did the corresponding split in Angola. Holden Roberto and the UPA-FNLA were linked politically (and personally) to the Kasavubu-Adoula-Mobutu coalition, while the MPLA was linked in spirit to the Lumumbists. Hence the destruction of the Lumumbist forces in 1964 and the installation of a strong regime by Mobutu in 1965 was a major setback for the MPLA. Conversely, after 1965 it was clear to Mobutu and to the United States that any success for the MPLA would threaten the internal order they had imposed in that part of the Congo now called Zaïre.

The military struggle of Angolan nationalists against the Portuguese divides into two phases: 1961-65 and 1965-74. In 1961, spurred on by Congo's independence and the confusion of the Congolese "crisis," both the MPLA and the UPA launched open attacks on the Portuguese. That of the MPLA started on February 4, and took the form of an urban uprising in Luanda, the capital. The only "outside" support at that point was the cooperation of a handful of Portuguese Left elements. The uprising was a military failure, and was followed by an internal crisis in the MPLA that almost caused it to disintegrate by 1963.

The attack of the UPA started on March 15, and took the form of a peasant revolt of Bakongo in the two northern provinces adjoining the Congo. This outburst was sudden, ferocious and anti-white, a number of small white coffee proprietors and their families being slaughtered. The UPA received arms from their Congolese friends, as well as from Tunisian forces (who formed part of the United Nations contingent in the Congo). The UPA received some encouragement (via Tunisia, particularly) from certain liberal elements in the Kennedy regime. Because the uprising was located in deep forest areas where roads and communications were difficult for the Portuguese, and because the Congo border served as a backstop, the UPA-FNLA forces could survive in what the Portuguese called the "rotten triangle."

In all this period, attempts to bring the UPA and MPLA together foundered on the mutual ideological suspicions of the two groups. The MPLA leadership, university-educated and politically immersed in European Left traditions, saw the UPA as tribally based, essentially conservative, manipulated by the United States, racist, and incapable of conducting a long war against the Portuguese. The UPA leadership saw the MPLA as urban intellectuals, privileged mulatto *assimilados*, pro-Communist (despite the fact that the honorary president of the MPLA was a Catholic priest), and incapable of rallying peasant support. That such a split was in principle neither inevitable nor irreparable is demonstrated by the ultimately different histories of nationalism in Guinea-Bissau and Mozambique, where at the moment of independence in each country there was a clearly dominant, united national liberation movement. The difference lay not in the will of the Angolans but in the crucial interest of the governments of Zaïre and the United States in preventing such a unification in Angola.

In 1963, the MPLA was beset by internal difficulties while the UPA-FNLA seemed to be leading an effective struggle. The latter formed the Govêrno Revoluçionario da Angola em Exil (GRAE), and was able to convince the newly formed African Liberation Committee of the Organization of African Unity (OAU) to recognize it as both a government and the *sole* legitimate representative of Angolan nationalism. With only a few exceptions, the GRAE was formally recognized by most African states and admitted to meetings of the OAU.

Hence in 1963 the GRAE was not in the least interested in the united action for which the MPLA was crying. It proclaimed itself *the united movement*, recognized by all Africa. The then Adoula regime in the Congo even expelled MPLA from its territory, thus denying it a base for action in Angola. Yet within one year it was to tumble from this height, showing thus that the base of its strength was in fact very fragile.

On the one hand, the MPLA was patiently restructured and rebuilt by Agostinho Neto. And it prospered from two changes in African government. Congo-Brazzaville had a coup in July 1963, which brought to power a regime sympathetic to MPLA, which thereupon established its headquarters there. This was particularly useful since Congo-Brazzaville bordered on Cabinda, an Angolan enclave separate from the main territory of the country, and thus gave access to a part of Angola. And in 1974, when Zambia became independent, its government, whose country bordered the eastern edge of Angola, was also willing to let MPLA operate from its territory.

Precisely as the basis for a future military revival was opening up for the MPLA, the GRAE suffered a crucial setback. In Congo (Zaïre), there was a short period beginning in 1974 when Tshombe was Prime Minister. And Tshombe, who had received support from the Portuguese in the days of Katangan secession, returned the favor by closing the frontier to the UPA-FNLA-GRAE. At that point, the latter rapidly collapsed militarily, never to revive again significantly in the period before the Portuguese coup.

As if to jump off a sinking ship, the "Foreign Minister" of the GRAE, one Jonas Savimbi, resigned dramatically at an OAU meeting in Cairo in July 1964. Savimbi publicly accused Holden Roberto, president of the GRAE, of acting as an agent of the Americans. Soon thereafter, the OAU withdrew its "exclusive recognition" of the GRAE, and agreed to restore the MPLA to equal status as a legitimate national liberation movement meriting support. Individual governments then began to withdraw recognition of the GRAE until, by 1971, the OAU would no longer even tolerate the label, and Roberto had to return to the earlier "nongovernmental" initials of FNLA.

A word about Savimbi, who now enters the scene as a third actor. Who and what was Savimbi? He had been a student in Switzerland when the wars began in 1961. Holden Roberto, looking for some way to overcome the reputation of UPA-FNLA as tribally based and without intellectual support, discovered Savimbi and his friends and

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saw in them two advantages. They were Ovimbundu, that is, tribesmen from the south of Angola; and they were "intellectuals," but had not been exposed to the "Marxist"-infested atmosphere of Portuguese universities. Rather, they were mission-trained anti-Communists. Roberto offered Savimbi the post of Foreign Minister and that was one more factor making possible the ephemeral triumph of 1963. And where did Savimbi go once he quit the GRAE? Within a year he had created a third movement, the Uniao Naçional para a Independençia Total de Angola (UNITA).

In general, 1965-66 was a bad year for Africa. Nkrumah and Ben Bella were overthrown. So was the Nigerian Government, a coup which led eventually to a civil war and placed Africa's largest country *hors de combat*. Mobutu consolidated the anti-revolutionary regime of Zaïre. Elsewhere in the world, the United States invaded Santo Domingo, the generals took over in Indonesia, and the Americans began their massive participation in Vietnam.

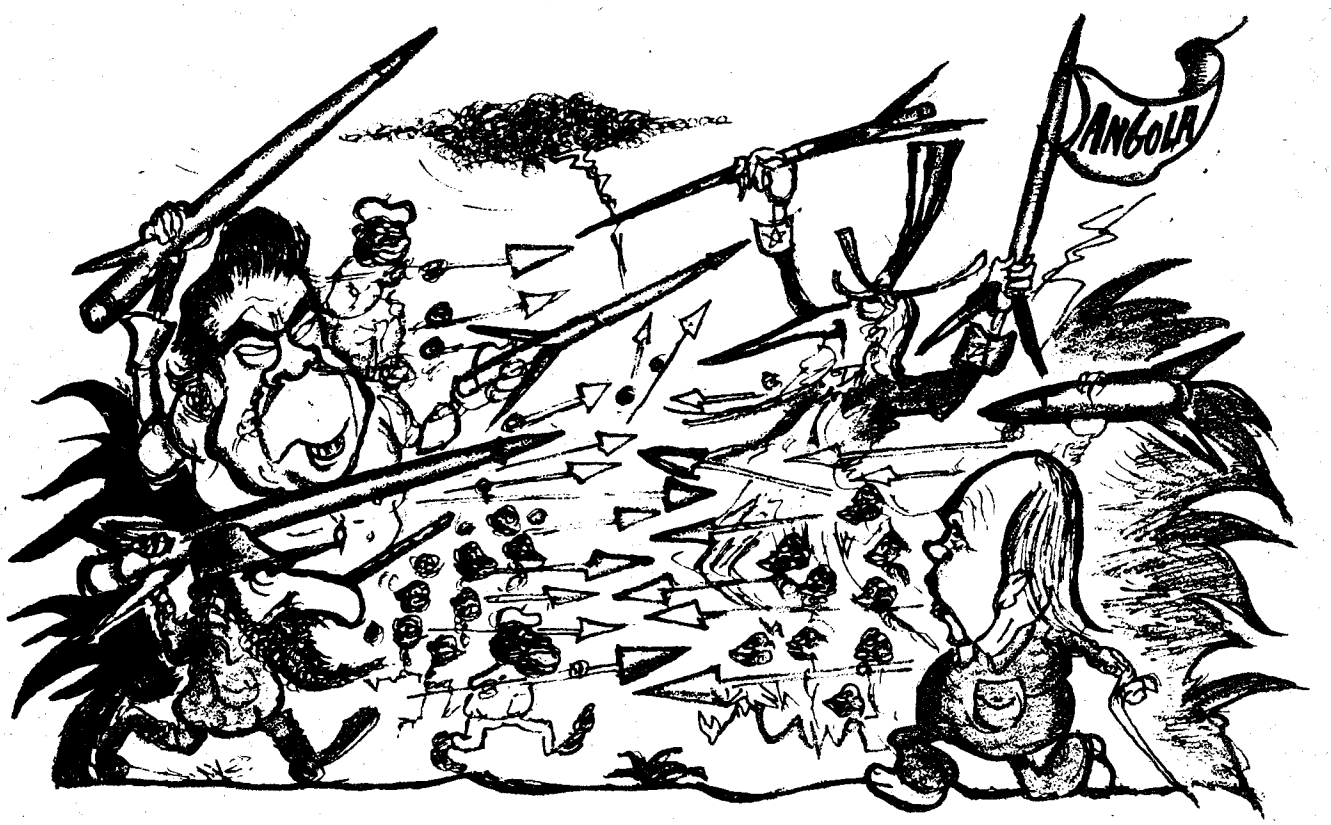
In Africa, as elsewhere, progressive forces seemed very much on the defensive, and the Portuguese looked forward to an end of an unpleasant interlude in their 500 years of imperial luster and thirty-odd years of corporatist tranquillity. In 1965, with three different movements in Angola, none of them engaged in much activity, the Portuguese seemed to be in good shape.

What Lisbon had not counted on was the tenacity of three allied, anti-Portuguese movements: in Portuguese Africa, the MPLA; in Mozambique, the FRELIMO, and in Guinea-Bissau, the PAIGC. As it turned out, all three movements conducted a steady campaign on three distinct fronts—political, diplomatic and military—that led to control of more and more territory by all three movements, and to more and more support abroad, until their combined strength so strained Portuguese moral and economic resources that the captains revolted in 1974.

In this period, 1965-74, the Portuguese spared no effort to wipe out the movements. And they received ample military assistance from both the United States and other Western powers on the one hand and from South Africa on the other. They tried to split movements and assassinate leaders. In the case of Mozambique and Guinea-Bissau, they succeeded in killing the leaders, Eduardo Mondlane and Amilcar Cabral, but despite this, the movements in those two colonies held together. In Angola, as always, the situation was more complex. The FNLA built up its army in Zaïre under the protection of Mobutu, but left the Portuguese in Angola largely untouched. UNITA followed every available wind. For a while, it talked an ultra-Maoist language, then a Black Power line (which seduced a few black Americans), and all the while it "organized" peacefully in its southern ethnic base with the complicity (as we learned after the Portuguese coup) of the Portuguese armed forces.

During this period, the MPLA alone fought a continuous guerrilla action, alone sought to be a national rather than a regional movement, and alone resisted the temptations of anti-white racism, insisting always on *political* criteria for identifying friends and foes. It did not, however, have an easy time.

First of all, the fact that the Zaïre border was *always* closed to the MPLA and that the Zambian border lay astride open, semi-arid plains several hundred miles deep meant that the logistical problems of the MPLA were enormous and hindered the intensification of guerrilla



Wetzel

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activity. Hence MPLA never achieved the degree of relative military success of FRELIMO or the PAIGC.

This indeed accounts for the fact that in December 1972 when the FNLA was at a political, diplomatic and military nadir, the MPLA was willing to enter into a never-to-be-implemented unity pact with it. The MPLA hoped, in vain as it turned out, that the pact would open the Zaïre frontiers for its men and arms. The only one who gained from the pact was Holden Roberto, to whom it gave renewed legitimacy. Shortly thereafter, the Portuguese again tried their assassination tactic. This time the leader (Neto) escaped, but they succeeded in splitting the movement, in the form eventually of the break away of a faction headed by Daniel Chipenda, who commanded strength in the southern part of the country. Like Savimbi before him, Chipenda wandered from camp to camp, and ideological position to ideological position, until today he has joined the FNLA as its Secretary-General, although still holding his forces geographically and militarily separate from the rest of the FNLA.

The assassination attempt on Neto and the schism with Chipenda occurred just before the April 1974 Portuguese coup. Once again, at a critical turning point (as in 1963), the MPLA was internally split. Once again it washed dirty linen in public. Once again, by the strength and stubbornness of Agostinho Neto (both his virtue and his weakness), the MPLA regrouped forces and pulled through.

The struggle however was far from over. Indeed, with the Portuguese coup ("Our victory," cried Neto in Montreal where he was on the day it happened), the struggle became more acute, the ideological options became clearer, and the fear of an MPLA victory by the Zaïre, South African and American Governments more intense.

As with the Congo crisis of 1960-64, it is not to the point to review in detail the politico-military maneuvers in Angola since April 25, 1974, but rather to summarize the broad lines up to the present.

(*1*) The three main Angolan groups (or three and a half, if one adds the Chipenda forces) have distributed themselves *de facto* in different geographical areas: FNLA in their northern Bakongo bastion near the Zaïre border; UNITA, and the Chipenda forces in Ovimbundu areas in the south; and MPLA in the capital, Luanda, as well as a broad central belt running across the country, plus the enclave of Cabinda.

(*2*) The successive Portuguese Governments have been internally split over Angola. Indeed, Angola has been a key issue of the internal debate. The result has been waffling which, as time went on and the Portuguese Governments slipped to the right, became a neutrality that hurt MPLA more than it did the others.

(*3*) The South African Government, immediately following the Portuguese coup, played the game of so-called détente in southern Africa with great flexibility, thus preventing any immediate domino effect. As the day of Angolan independence came nearer, they moved more and more openly to the support of the two "southern" anti-MPLA forces, UNITA and the Chipenda forces (technically now FNLA), by sending in arms, mercenaries and even troops.

(*4*) Zaïre and the United States have been openly supporting FNLA with arms, money and, in the case of Zaïre, probably men. Zaïre has also tried to promote a secessionist movement in Cabinda (called FLEC).

(*5*) MPLA has received unreserved support from the governments of the four other independent African states that were formerly Portuguese colonies: Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau, Cape Verde Islands and Sao Tomé e Principe. Mozambique has sent some troops to help. Samora Machel, President of Mozambique, has stated unambiguously:

> In Angola, there are two parties in conflict: on the one side, imperialism with its allies and its puppets; on the other side, the progressive, popular forces who support the MPLA. That's the whole story. It is not Spinola, Holden [Roberto], Savimbi or anyone else who matter to us. They are only instruments of imperialism. It is imperialism that is the danger and the true menace. (*Interview in* Afrique-Asie, *October 20, 1975.*)

MPLA has also had strong support from African progressive states, such as Congo-Brazzaville, Guinea (Conakry), Algeria, Tanzania (after a moment of hesitation), and (a bit unexpectedly) Nigeria.

(*6*) MPLA has received very strong material assistance from the USSR. It should be noted that this support was not always unreserved, but that it is at present considerable. MPLA also has had strong support in arms and material from Yugoslavia and Cuba, and the latter has also sent men. And from Vietnam: the place of honor at the independence celebrations in Luanda was given to the representative of South Vietnam. Romania has supported MPLA after initial hesitation.

(*7*) The Chinese seem to have adopted that old slogan of John Foster Dulles: If the USSR supports a movement, it can't be any good. The Chinese ambivalence about MPLA has a long history. In 1963, they welcomed to Peking Viriato da Cruz, leader of a small break-away faction of MPLA. When da Cruz joined FNLA, at least momentarily, Chou En-lai in 1964 invited Holden Roberto to visit. (Roberto didn't go because Tshombe, then in power in Leopoldville, warned him that if he did he would never be allowed back in the Congo.) The Chinese played footsie with UNITA for several years. In between, from time to time, under the pressure of progressive forces around the world (including of course FRELIMO and PAIGC who had, however, their own difficulties with them), the Chinese acted in a more friendly fashion toward MPLA. Then in 1973 they entered into an agreement with FNLA to train their soldiers. When MPLA protested, the Chinese offered a stance of neutrality vis-à-vis all *three* movements, which MPLA rejected as unacceptable.

On November 11, 1975, the date when the Portuguese had agreed Angola would become independent, the MPLA pronounced the establishment of the People's Republic of Angola. On the same day, FNLA and UNITA agreed on a last-minute coalition counter government with temporary headquarters in Huambo in the south (a region under UNITA control). As of December, some thirty governments had recognized the MPLA government. No one has formally recognized the counter regime. But, *de facto*, it has very active support from the trio that have consistently opposed MPLA: Zaïre, South Africa and the United

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States. China is in a most uncomfortable position, which it finds difficult to explain to forces sympathetic to it around the world.

What may we expect in the near future? The civil war promises to be long. Zaïrois forces plus South African mercenaries are clearly insufficient to destroy MPLA, given the arms it is now receiving from various friends. The great unknown is whether or not the United States will intervene more directly *à la* Vietnam. It is not impossible, despite the real counter pressure that is coming from within America—after Vietnam, Watergate and CIA revelations.

Mr. Kissinger is saying these days, with shameless hypocrisy, that any intervention would only be a response to Soviet actions. The fact is that the United States has been intervening in Angola and Zaïre *since 1960*—continuously, flagrantly and *never on the side of progressive forces*. Angola might have been independent ten years ago, and under an MPLA government, were it not for U.S. support of the Portuguese, of Holden Roberto, of Mobutu against anyone who threatened the structures of dominance in southern Africa.

Let those who find moral solace in self-deception remain neutral. No doubt Léon Blum still does not confess his sins. But the Basque nationalists who were hanged in Spain in October 1975, over the protests of European social democrats and the pleas of Pope Paul, should be on the consciences of those who preached nonintervention in Spain while Franco's Fascists marched on Madrid and the *Luftwaffe* strafed Guernica. Luanda is Madrid. And the moment to choose is now.

Luanda is Madrid, but 1975 is not 1936. There is a good side to South Africa's invasion, the malice of Mobutu and the machinations of Kissinger. The Angolan war will ignite a hinterland that has been dormant too long. Lumumbism, in far more sophisticated and explicit ideological armor, will now rise from the cinders of Mobutu's scorched earth. The South African revolution will see its long-awaited explosion. South Africa's adventures abroad will turn against it exactly as did those of Portugal in Angola, the United States in Vietnam, and France in Algeria. The solidarity of the whites will become brittle while the solidarity of the oppressed will become more firm. During 200 years of worldwide revolt against the capitalist world system, the Left has made countless errors and engaged in egregious misadventures. But it has at least learned from them. Whereas the Right declines, it becomes both more brutal and more stupid.

One year ago, I thought to myself that things looked bad, that Vorster might put across his notion of détente, that the West might tame the national liberation movements in Angola and Mozambique, and that an historic moment might pass. But the powers that be were too greedy and too frightened, too greedy because too frightened. And they have roused Africa, as the world will soon see. □

AFRICAN ECONOMIES

BASIL DAVIDSON

London

Signs of political frustration and moral misery lie on every hand in most of Africa today: and yet, what may appear more than usually strange, nowhere are they seen more blatantly than in those countries which have generally received the accolades of Western approval. Thus in Kenya, we read in *The Times* (London) not long ago, that there is now "a growing discontent with the way in which President Kenyatta is consolidating the wealth and power of a small clique composed of his own family and his closest supporters."

The words are bland; the reality is less so. For this opinion came on the morrow of Kenyatta's order to his security police, the "General Service Unit," to arrest and detain two parliamentary critics, one of whom was the parliament's deputy speaker, simply for having criticized. Those two arrests, in turn, were linked to public dismay at the political killing last March of Kenyatta's foremost critic, J.M. Kariuki. In June a fifteen-man parliamentary committee of inquiry into how Kariuki became a mutilated corpse decided that the police "must have known who took J.M. [Kariuki] from Hilton Hotel around 7 P.M. on Sunday, March 2, where he was taken to, and what happened to him there. . . ." What happened to him there was murder most foul. But no legal charges are yet at hand; no policemen are in the dock.

And so it goes. The pleasant country of Uganda is ruled now by a man of whom it will be kind to say that he is apparently afflicted with homicidal paranoia. Blood drips from the hands of other rulers in other pleasant lands. And even in the quite different case of the great federation of Nigeria, ruled by serious, honorable and tolerant men of talent, there is evidence of accumulating disarray. A commission of inquiry into Nigerian wages and related matters, headed by the universally respected Simeon Adebo, explained this disarray as long ago as 1970. "It is clear," observed this commission, "that there is intolerable suffering at the bottom of the income scale because of the rise in the cost of living, but also"—and the emphasis was Chief Adebo's—"that *the suffering is made even more intolerable by manifestations of affluence and wasteful expenditure which cannot be explained on the basis of visible and legitimate means of income.*"

Nobody in Nigeria will be inclined to argue that this observation of 1970 applies any less emphatically to 1975. And no wonder. Outside the port of Lagos, at the moment, there lies a mighty fleet of tramp ships loaded with some 20 million tons of cement which, it is rumored in marine

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circles there, could take as long as eight years to be got ashore. Will anyone imagine that this incredible cargo could be linked to anything save the grossest waste, or worse? In the mere matter of demurrage, for example, costs are said to be running currently at rates around $4,000 a day for each ship. Meanwhile Nigeria's poor get poorer; they also multiply by the tens of thousands.

"So you're disillusioned, are you? After all that stuff about the great need to get rid of the colonial system, and now this mess. . . . And yet you want *more* liberation: isn't that your funny word? It's your head, my friend, you need examined."

Familiar refrain and understandable, possibly: all the same, it is far off the point. In the circumstances of the 1950s, when *The Nation* took a previous tour around the African scene, there was nothing to be done about anything without getting rid of direct colonial control. "Seek ye first the political kingdom . . ." Nkrumah said then; and not even the toughest of his domestic critics ever disagreed with him on that. Even a limping political independence, in those circumstances, must necessarily be better than a further installment of colonial rule. Then the great question became: What do you do with the political kingdom? And only then did it begin to be seen—no doubt only then *could* it be seen—that the answer lay in another and still more difficult search: this time, for an economic independence sufficient to permit a true development.

A self-respecting historiography will not be satisfied with arranging the facts of the past according to the mythologies of the present. One such mythology is that, fifteen and twenty years ago, the Africans were really given a choice of options, and chose the wrong one. An alternative mythology, dear to the chairmen of multinational corporations and their political champions, is that Africans made the right choice—ah, never mind the mess that's come of it—because the only other option would have meant "subservience to Moscow." What was right for "free enterprise" in the United States must obviously have been right for a decolonized Africa. Any African who seriously questioned this must be a dupe or tool of the Russians.

The facts that bear on the truth of any region of Africa—and very directly, in the context of this issue, of southern Africa—will give no nourishment to these ɔlogies, no matter how much helped by the cosmetics of political science. The facts show that the Africans were sold a bill of goods by all those eminently honorable institutions downward from the World Bank and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, not to speak of lesser temples scattered round the Western world. And they further show that the Africans had no effective option but to buy it. Decolonization was conceded on condition that the nation-state, in all its essentials save local political control, should remain the colonial state. The thus "decolonized" had to take the colonial inheritance, lock, stock and barrel, or face condign damnation if they didn't.

Let us be clear about what this has meant. Appearances sometimes aside, it has meant that these countries have remained organic but entirely subordinate fragments of the Western economic system which had enclosed them in the past. What it has further meant is that their societies have become organized in such a way as to promote a replica, however weak and woebegone, of Western society. All this is supposed to produce a capital-owning middle class, an incorporated working class, and so on down the line. But since no capitalist systems and their corresponding stratification already existed in this Africa, a small and highly privileged "elite" has been expected to grab or grovel its way to wealth and thus, according to the book, to hegemonic power. From this standpoint, there is not the least justification for blaming President Kenyatta and his family for "consolidating the wealth and power of a small clique," or for looking askance at those honorable gentlemen with a hand in Nigeria cement imports. They are only following the best advice.

What book, what advice? The bible on how to build capitalism was provided—very conveniently in 1960, the "great year" of political independence—by Prof. Walt Rostow of M.I.T. in the days before he began saving Vietnam from the Vietnamese. He called it *The Stages of Economic Growth*, and it sold like hot cakes. What it preached was the overriding and absolute need, in this case in Africa, for a capitalism mediated through "a new elite," a "new leadership," which was duly imbued with and licensed by "an appropriate value system." With this to hand, the way would be clear for "the age of high mass consumption"; and Africa, blessedly, would become another United States . . . well, in time.

The "new elite" and its "appropriate value system" duly appeared as one colonial state after another became a nation-state. Indeed, these beneficiaries fairly rushed upon the scene. They lost no time in getting all the best seats, and they proceeded to operate from these seats with an enterprise that was nothing if not private. The countries where this happened most—Kenya for one, Nigeria for another—became at once the darlings of the Western world, praised for their parliamentary manners, loved for their "moderation," and of course wooed for their contracts. And so, as the bible had affirmed, all was set for "takeoff."

Crash came instead. Nigeria was in uproar even by 1962, and thoroughly exploded four years later. Kenya (to stay with the same examples) still has the lid on, just about: but the streets of Nairobi, prophetically enough, have ceased to be safe for strollers after dark. The "appropriate value system" is everywhere seen to include an endemic and even fantastic irresponsibility (think only of that floating mountain of cement aboard ships whose lights, after nightfall, seem like a city out at sea), an amazing corruption, a general sense of frustration or disgust and, flowing in upon a dark tide no less sinister because silent, the anger and avenging spirit of millions who hunger, while all around them in the streets the "manifestations of affluence and wasteful expenditure" are there to mock them.

That building capitalism would mean perpetuating the colonial condition by other means began to be understood by a number of Africans, including some of their best leaders, very soon after the flags of empire had come down. Invariably, these men and women were attacked and bullyragged by Western critics as "agents of communism." It happened to Kwame Nkrumah; it happened to Sékou Touré, to Julius Nyerere, to Siad Barre, to all the leaders of the liberation movements in the Portuguese colonies. Some of the Western critics were as silly as Senator Dodd, but

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others were men of weight and authority. It was rather more than a pity.

And it remains more than a pity because it continues. Those of weight and authority among Western critics appear perfectly impervious to the most obvious lessons of Vietnam. They now apply the same misjudgments to the African scene. All the revelations of *The New York Times* lately, as to the state of mind of Dr. Kissinger and company, seem to bear this out. As before, they identify the business interests of the West with the persistence of Western capitalist control in Africa; and here their opinion is doubtless well founded. But they go on to charge all those Africans who say that these interests are not the same as the interests of Africa with a necessary self-displacement into the sphere of Soviet control. They prosecute their cold war, new style, for their own expectations of profit; and that is one thing. But they present this war as being waged for democracy, justice, progress and the rest *in Africa*; and that is another and quite different thing.

Consider these two different things in the context of southern Africa. For example, capital investment in South Africa is profitable. But just as surely such investment reinforces a system of "internal colonialism" that is hateful to the Africans of South Africa; and these outnumber the whites there by at least four to one. No amelioration of African wages will dent this system. All that happens, with higher wages, is that the fixed bars of discrimination are raised a little up the income scale: those bars remain exactly what they were before, and are indeed stronger than before because the controllers of the system gain more wealth by foreign investment, and so they gain more power. Meanwhile all Africans who seriously resist the system are written off as "Communists," tracked, tortured and packed away in jails. On the one hand, then, the certainty that investment in South Africa today is investment in moral crime and social outrage: on the other, the claim that this investment is doing good. Who really needs his head examined?

Or consider the situation in Angola now. All through the wars of liberation in Angola, Guinea-Bissau and Mozambique, the Western system stood foursquare with Portugal's dictatorship and its colonial empire. For those of us elsewhere who looked to America with hope and pride through the bitter years of World War II and who still, come what may, cling to our belief in America's creative genius, nothing outside Vietnam has appeared so great a desecration of the founding spirit of the United States as the gruesome record of the Johnson-Nixon era in relation to Portugal and its empire. So it was that the Africans of the liberation movements had to rely almost entirely (Sweden helped a little) on help from the East. They received it chiefly from the Russians; as it happens, with an open-handed generosity. Automatically, they were written off as agents of Moscow. The syllogism was as simple as it was stupid: all revolutionaries are agents of Moscow, these Africans are revolutionaries, therefore. . . .

It is true that these Africans are revolutionaries. It is also true that they can be nothing else if they are to justify their struggle and the sufferings it has entailed. In Angola, as in Guinea-Bissau and Mozambique, nothing less than profound structural change can promote inter-ethnic unity and any general progress; and if I seem to be saying this *ex cathedra*, the fact remains that all the effective evidence supports me.

That is why Angola's only movement of national unification, the MPLA (which stands to Angola in the same relationship as the PAIGC to Guinea-Bissau and FRELIMO to Mozambique) has stood from the first for Socialist-oriented policies. Its veteran leader, the medical doctor Agostinho Neto, has defined their essence. "We are trying to make a dual revolution," he said in 1970, "against all those aspects of our traditional life which cannot serve our people; and against the colonial system." Against witchcraft belief or the subjection of women, for example, on one side; against foreign economic control or social servitude, for example, on the other. A dual revolution, in brief, against existing structures and institutions, or against their extension into a stooge independence.

This same basic analysis applies equally, if with many variables, to the rest of southern Africa: in this context to Zimbabwe, to Namibia, eventually to South Africa itself. Like Angola and Mozambique, none of these countries will be able to solve the problems of unity and progress so long as they remain within the structures of white-settler capitalism fueled by foreign investment. Within those structures, these peoples can at best find only

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

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a strap-hanging place for a small elite of beneficiaries, while the masses stay in the same plight as now. Either they too make their "dual revolution," as Neto defined it when speaking of Angola, or their servitude sticks fast.

I need hardly emphasize, I hope, that none of this is to suggest that such structural revolutions, opening the way for the active participation and thus for the self-transformation of the masses in their cultural and political liberation, as well as in their modes of work, can be quick or easy. Only death, in this drama, can be quick or easy. What is new in this tumultuous Africa of the middle 1970s, what is really significant, is that the challenge of unity and progress is now being taken up at a second stage along the road of decolonization. Beyond the parameters of a merely political independence, an attempt to secure an all-around socio-cultural and economic development is firmly on the scene. Half a dozen countries demonstrate this; others soon may.

Throwing their weight around, the multinationals and their spokesmen can still believe they know a trick worth two of that. Perhaps they will be able to prove that they do; but also, perhaps not. Nearly half the population of Africa today is under the age of 15. To the vast majority of these teeming millions of children, the future can offer no least hope of climbing into any kind of elite, of joining any clique of beneficiaries: unless, of course, of gangsters in the streets. Even if the elites of the 1960s hadn't taken care to kick away the ladders up which they themselves have mounted, there would still be no room even on the lowest rungs of privilege. So what happens to Rostow's "appropriate value system"? The late J.M. Kariuki offered an answer three months before they killed him. It was that of no firebrand but of a shrewd observer of a scene he intimately knew, and it claims attention. He opined that Kenya's "capitalist structure" was "like a tree growing very tall very quickly." It was "going to fall because it does not have deep roots, it is not firmly rooted in the people and in society."

For us, maybe, it comes down to this: the Western capitalist system has had it good for a long time in Africa. What we in the West have now to accept, whether we like it or not, is that an Africa is on the way that sees this capitalist good as being hostile to the good of Africa. We may dismiss these African revolutionaries as Soviet stooges if we want; it will not, in my opinion, make the least damn bit of difference. Except that it will confirm them in the view that we, at any rate, are no true friends of theirs. □

LETTERS (*Continued from page 2*)

the kind that all men and women of good will originally envisioned.

And some day, if the three withdrawing powers become genuinely reconciled and start to disarm, they can rejoin the U.N.

E.D. Williams

Alabama justice

Montgomery, Ala.

In the June 21st issue of *The Nation*, David Underhill describes (in "Prison Justice in Alabama: The Shadow of Southern History"), a trial of an Alabama prison inmate who was convicted of first-degree murder in the killing of a prison guard. As the prosecutor who presented the case, I was frankly amazed at Underhill's rendition of the evidence that was presented at the trial. . . .In his haste to color the events surrounding the riot out of which the case grew as a simple protest by inmates against prison conditions, Underhill neglected to include several rather telling details. The first was that the *undisputed* testimony at the trial showed that from the beginning of the riot the leaders of the uprising clearly stated that they were not complaining about the food and conditions at the prison but their intention was to "kill some . . . pigs." Another detail Underhill left unmentioned was the fact that the evidence showed that the group of inmates who led the riot, of which the defendant in this case was an active member, in addition to brutally murdering one guard with twenty-seven stab wounds and critically injuring another, savagely attacked and gravely injured two other inmates during the same incident, one black and one white, stabbing them over twenty times each.

Because many of the occurrences contained in Underhill's description of the trial are simply not true, I am at a loss to discern where Underhill got the information for his article. After discussing the article with several members of the state and national press (of which several are Nieman Fellows), who were present at the trial and covered the trial, no one recalls having seen Underhill at the trial. This leads me to believe that his article was either based on secondhand information from sources interested in a particular viewpoint or else he has very carelessly overdramatized the events in a most unprofessional fashion. . . .

William J. Baxley
Attorney General

roots of liberalism

Washington, D.C.

Two articles in *The Nation* of Dec. 13 appear strangely juxtaposed. I suggest that Thomas Anderson ("Geographical Surprise: The Liberal Midwest") would do well to read Alexander Woodside on "Premeditated Amnesia: American Attitudes Toward History."...

The Midwest and plains states have a long tradition of political liberalism, and even radicalism. The Populist movement began on the plains with farmers rebelling against the corporate imperialism of Eastern railroads and manufacturers. The strength of the Industrial Workers of the World was not in the textile mills of Massachusetts but in the copper mines and silver mines of Idaho, Montana and Nevada. The Minnesota liberalism of Hubert Humphrey . . . has its origins in the Nonpartisan League and the Farmer-Labor Party, stretching back to the second decade of the 20th century. . . .

This long trend of Midwest liberalism . . . has produced such Senators as Norris of Nebraska, the father of the TVA; Walsh of Montana (the Sam Ervin of Teapot Dome); Frank Kellogg and the La Follettes in Wisconsin; Borah of Idaho. Before one is surprised at Clark, Culver and Hughes of Iowa, one should remember that they were preceded by three generations of Wallaces from Iowa.

Perhaps it is not that we consciously wish to forget the past; in this "hot" media age, maybe no one told us it was important to learn of it.

Paul Rundquist
Analyst in American National Government
The Library of Congress

no Marxist he

Albany, N.Y.

Re: Stephen Harris's criticism (letter, *The Nation*, Dec. 20) of my criticism (*The Nation*, Nov. 15) of the McLellan and Bevan books about Karl Marx:

Having suffered through Marx's *Capital; Wage-Labor and Capital* and *Value, Price and Profit* (among others), I repeat that Marx dabbled in economics. Having read the record of the First International, I repeat that Marx dabbled in politics. Having read Marx's *Grundrisse*, his co-authored *Holy Family* and innumerable philosophic works, I repeat that Marx was "at bottom a philosopher."

Mr. Harris has a right to disagree. But I suggest his polemic would lead Marx to reiterate: *Ich bin selbst kein Marxist.*

Bernard K. Johnpoll, Professor of Political Science
State University of New York

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

What the Neo-Conservatives Prescribe for Us

"THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH—1976." *The Public Interest (No. 41. Fall, 1975).*

ROBERT M. ENTMAN

It took them a while to come around, but at last the right wing of the academic-intellectual establishment is taking America's economic and political problems seriously. The people who spent the 1960s defending what they had told us in the 1950s—that the fundamental problems of industrial society had been solved, that ideological debate and analysis were no longer needed—are themselves creating a new ideology for the 1970s.

This special issue of *The Public Interest* traces the outlines of a manifesto of the neo-conservative movement. Most of the group's leaders are represented here, with essays by such figures as Daniel Bell, Nathan Glazer, Samuel Huntington, Irving Kristol, Daniel Patrick Moynihan and James Q. Wilson. Their ideas deserve to be taken seriously. For, having dropped their earlier insistence that nothing was wrong with America that a little patience couldn't cure, these writers are now offering important insights into the current crisis—ideas that those of us on the Left will ignore at our peril.

Of course, their positive orientation to the *status quo* remains. Surveying the results of forty years of liberalism, however, these observers rightly see failures of policy and threats to democracy. As a product of their commitment to the existing order, however, they neglect the roots of those failures. In that way they are led to adopt a position which is itself anti-democratic.

Four major points highlight the neo-conservative view of the American dilemma.

First, *the great American consensus is evaporating.* The rise of ethnic pride among black and white Americans is but one aspect of a general disintegration of American unity, the neo-conservatives say. Opinions on political issues are more polarized, and feelings about them more intense, than at any time in recent history. Of particular concern to Irving Kristol is the upsurge of left-wing political thought and activity during the last decade. But Kristol overestimates his enemies. He and others in this collection look left and see nothing but radical anti-capitalists, for they group everyone to the left of Hubert Humphrey with the radicals and exaggerate the radical influence in liberal government circles, in the media of information and among the young and the poor.

Second, *the traditional constitutional order is in disarray.* The threat of disruptive polarization has always existed in American society. The neo-conservatives believe that only the genius of the institutions and processes that evolved out of the Constitution has prevented serious instability thus far. But now the power relationships that have existed among our institutions have been upset. The party system is in shambles. Fewer and fewer voters consider themselves members of either major party; there are nearly twice as many self-defined "independents" as Republicans. Party organizations have grown feebler, party leaders unable to deliver the vote or name the nominees.

And the balance of power among the three branches of government is askew. Nathan Glazer argues that the Supreme Court is now beyond the effective control of public opinion. He maintains that the Burger Court has been continuing the line of the Warren years, except in the area of the rights of the accused. There, he says, "a modicum of common sense" has been shown; a civil libertarian would argue the contrary.

The neo-conservatives disagree about the relative power of the Presidency and the Congress in years to come. Some (Huntington, Wilson, Seymour Martin Lipset) are concerned that power is so dispersed among inefficient bureaucracies that the executive branch cannot take decisive action any more. Huntington in particular worries about the "decline of the Presidency." On the other hand, Aaron Wildavsky thinks the President is likely to have more power in the future relative to the other branches. But he, too, is pessimistic about the President's ability to solve the problems he will be expected to tackle. Opposition led by bureaucrats with their own interests, and by segments of the mass media expressing a liberal, anti-Presidency bias, will stymie many Presidential initiatives.

Government, the neo-conservatives feel, will be increasingly unable to cope as it has in the past with potentially destabilizing new demands and problems. And this at a time when the party system, which had for so long served as a medium of compromise and moderation, is in bad shape.

Third, *government intervention usually makes things worse.* A citizenry newly politicized has made increasing demands on government for costly services. The rise in the expectations of what government can do is dangerous and ultimately counterproductive, the neo-conservatives argue. A typical remark is Wildavsky's: "The more frequently that government tries to intervene more deeply in society, the less anyone is able to control events. . . ." In particular, the unwarranted upswing in popular expectations of what government can accomplish has led to a bloated bureaucracy that wastes money and defies rational control by leaders or by the public.

Finally, *American democracy is a beleaguered outpost.* Unfulfilled expectations have led to a quantum jump in political alienation. According to countless opinion polls, well over half the citizenry believes the government is run by special interests and that most people have little say in what the government does. The authority of the government and the legitimacy of the entire system have been threatened by the failure of government to do what is asked of it (unreasonably, according to the *Public Interest* contributors).

These writers are combining a set of traditional conservative values with a new-found recognition that things are not going well in America. They fear a society in which consensus is not widespread. They worry about the decline of civility and compromise in the political process. Particularly unpleasant is the fact that many demands have come from the lower levels of society, demands that revolve around equality—not merely of opportunity but also of living standards.

Not only do the neo-conservatives see American democracy as under attack at home but they see democratic governments as gravely threatened abroad—by similarly demanding hordes, and at the same time that America's power to help these governments is at a low ebb. Moynihan's remarks are significant: ". . . Liberal democracy on the American model increasingly tends to . . . [be] a

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holdover form of government, one which persists in isolated or peculiar places here and there . . . but which has simply no relevance to the future."

Human society, conservatives believe, is potentially chaotic and necessarily tragic. They claim that since government intervention must fail to solve what they see as insoluble problems, since social and economic equality are not obtainable, the legitimacy of the constitutional order itself is inevitably challenged when expectations rise too high. Authority relations throughout the society are threatened, and with them the stability of the state.

The neo-conservatives outline three basic prescriptions for dealing with their very Burkean concerns.

(1) *Maintain the market of merit.* America was founded on a guarantee of political, not social and economic, equality, the neo-conservatives correctly assert. The suspension of strict meritocratic principles in order to grant compensatory advantage to the lowest strata must be halted, as a crucial first step toward reducing egalitarian demands in general.

(2) *Ask not what Leviathan can do for you; ask rather what you can do without Leviathan.* It is impossible to solve the problems of inequality that government is now attacking. Social complexity and lack of information are inevitable handicaps to policy makers, whose troubles are magnified when—as now, in the neo-conservative view—government becomes too large and attempts too much. By maintaining equal opportunity in a private market that is allowed to operate without the fetters of unnecessary regulation, they claim, both waste and unrealistic expectations will be reduced.

(3) *It may be necessary to destroy democracy in order to save it.* Governing elites, the neo-conservatives say, must be careful not to be so responsive to the masses. That was the liberals' mistake. Mass demands are often contradictory and therefore impossible to fulfill. Accordingly, both the rhetoric and the policies of the elite should stop encouraging participation; opportunities for the citizenry to press such demands for participation on government should be limited.

Huntington makes especially ominous noises about the limits to growth of democracy (see "Capitalism Shows Its Face" by Alan Wolfe, *The Nation*, November 29). For the most part the neo-conservatives represented here suggest a radical redefinition of "democracy." In their view, democratic life amounts to little more than having free speech (but not for the purpose of presenting demands upon government), voting for whomever party leaders select, and being able to make money in accordance with whatever opportunity the unregulated interactions of the market grants.

What they are suggesting is that the needs of the people be adjusted to suit the needs of the system. That is, of course, the traditional conservative preference. Yet not only does their analysis fail to go beyond symptoms to the real causes of problems but the anti-democratic solution that arises from the analysis is self-contradictory.

According to Huntington, et al., a polarized citizenry making demands on a sympathetic government that is unable to meet them has led to unprecedented alienation and unrest. But why should a citizenry whose needs are still unmet be any more satisfied with a government that would be *unwilling* to meet them? Possibly Huntington hopes that the further alienation that might result from such a state of affairs would lead to apathy rather than anger. I'm not so sure. In declining to offer a solution to the inequality they accept (but which by their admission threatens the stability of the political order) the neo-conservatives are left without a cure for the disorder they fear.

Their neglect of this dilemma points to the basic flaw of the neo-conservative critique. These writers see clearly enough the failures of the tepid American version of the welfare state. But they choose to blame the failures on the supposedly inevitable intractability of the problem of attaining socioeconomic equality, rather than acknowledging that the effort to solve the problem of inequality has been limited, that the social, economic and political arrangements that foster it have remained essentially intact.

And yet the neo-conservatives have developed a more revealing and politically significant analysis of America's problems than that of the leaders of the Democratic Party, who cannot even admit the failure of their policies, let alone probe the causes. In great detail, the neo-conservatives show that limited, poorly planned government intervention—precisely the way liberal programs have intervened—rarely solves problems and often makes them worse. More regulation, more welfare payments, more "urban renewal," more Keynesian economics are not in themselves going to solve the crisis of American democracy.

Indeed, this neo-conservative critique seems already to be filling the vacuum left by the failure of liberals to develop their own analysis and program. The beginnings of such an effect are visible in the "fiscal conservatism" of such liberals as Democratic Governors Jerry Brown (California) and Michael Dukakis (Massachusetts). The continuation of such a trend would be tragic for the cause of justice and equality, for we have learned enough since 1776 to know

DISTANCE

and the god foot in snares
The good foot gossamer
where wind should be and the track
presenting difficulties is
a black phone ringing in the attic
of a house on the estuary

The fault is sleep teeth
meeting teeth through the helpless
wad of flesh word-former unable to shape
the yelp from the building low out
of sight sunk in reeds and birdcries

Nails in the god face make distance
so it is easy to keep our hands and thoughts
to ourselves
Somewhere in the cave a muffled gonging
On the cliff-face a magpie has laid a cloth egg
among glass and blades that keep the far cry
as an echo of sand and steel

Our hands pinions to our sides
Ten gods and all in a bad way
seeking testimonials from air that has forgotten
their cleavage

Brian Swann

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that the neo-conservatives' faith in an unlimited private sector is as misplaced as the liberals' faith in a haphazardly limited one. Neither method will solve the problems that even these *Public Interest* writers, at long last, agree America faces on the eve of the Bicentennial.

For solution to those problems, liberals might start taking left-wing critiques and proposals as seriously as the neo-conservatives already think they do. Or else they had better come up with a persuasive defense of the policies that have created a climate that makes some aspects of the neo-conservative critique appealing and even compelling. □

Lo! The Poor Government's Case

JURY WOMAN. *By Mary Timothy. Emty Press and Glide Publications (330 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94118). 316 pp. Paper $4.95.*

EDWIN KENNEBECK

The story of Angela Davis's trial ought to stand out clearer in our national lore —like Watergate. Just recently an article in *The New York Times* said that the charges against her grew "out of the break-out of George Jackson from the Marin County jail . . ." and that she "was accused of smuggling weapons to Mr. Jackson and his . . . companions." George Jackson, of course, was not in Marin County jail. His young brother Jonathan, not a prisoner, came into the Marin County courtroom during a trial and (with two black men who were there as witnesses and the one black man who was on trial) took the judge and others hostage. The shooting that resulted (as the *Times* story did say) left the judge and Jonathan Jackson and two of the other blacks dead.

Ms. Davis was accused not of smuggling guns to anybody but of having kidnapped, murdered and conspired to kidnap and murder the judge—all three charges despite the fact that she was not at or near the courthouse at the time of the tragedy.

The preposterous Federal Bureau of Investigation made her number one on its list of wanted criminals. "Who could believe that they seriously regarded me as such an enormous threat?" she wrote later in her lively, beautiful autobiography. When she was apprehended in New York City, Governor Reagan and Governor Rockefeller saw to it that she was swiftly returned to justice. Although, as Ms. Davis said after the acquittal, "A fair trial would have been no trial at all," she at least found out that a dozen white people of Santa Clara County could not believe that she was such an enormous threat.

About the last days of the trial she wrote: "Out of all the chaos of the first day of deliberations, there was one undisputed cause for celebration. Ms. Mary Timothy was elected forewoman of the jury. . . . Throughout the trial we had directed the jury's attention to the prosecutor's efforts to exploit the prevailing stereotypes about women, persistently attacking his case for its attempt to portray me as an irrational, emotion-driven female. . . . Their first active gesture as a jury was a rejection of the notion that only men are qualified to lead."

Now we have the story from Ms. Timothy herself, a wife and mother in her 50s who works as a medical technician. She is, fortunately, an articulate, conscientious woman. The problems of writing about a trial are many: juicy scenes usually come through at second hand and in differing versions; often great numbers of people crowd the picture; a scrim of technical details and jargon falls between spectators and principals. Ms. Timothy has avoided most of the pitfalls.

Her book's simple force sets before us a well-drawn picture. A folksy Assistant Attorney General, doing his best, has to speak for the government's wild, crass imagination. He tries to make a heavy case out of the purchase of guns; out of someone's report that he or she saw a black woman with Jonathan Jackson one day; out of the Communist defendant's hurried attempt to catch a plane, out of some letters eloquent with love and admiration and dismay. A sensible judge presides. The clear-headed defendant and her lawyers methodically refute the prosecutor. And the members of a group of what we like to call ordinary people listen through the three-month trial and emerge from their personal misunderstandings and misgivings to find that Angela Davis should go free.

They began their deliberations around midday on a Friday, and by Saturday

Edwin Kennebeck is the author of Juror Number Four (*Norton*) *and a contributor to* The Jury System in America, *edited by Rita James Simon* (*Sage Publications*). *He is on the editorial staff of the Viking Press.*

Contest For New Poets

"Discovery—THE NATION, '76" has been opened jointly by The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City and THE NATION. The competition, now in its second year, represents a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and THE NATION's poetry prize. It is designed to attract larger audiences for young poets through the combined media of publication and poetry recital.

Winners of the 1975 contest were Jean Feraca, Katha Pollitt, Gary Soto and David St. John. They gave a group reading at The Poetry Center on May 12, and their poems appeared in THE NATION of May 17.

Contest Information:

OPEN to poets whose work has not yet been published in book form. Book form includes chapbooks (small editions) and self-published books.

REQUIREMENTS: Ten poems (not more than 500 lines) of original poetry in English are to be submitted.

THE AWARDS: Each of the four winners will receive an honorarium of $50 and will be invited to read at The Poetry Center on Monday, May 3, 1976. Each winner will have one previously unpublished poem printed in THE NATION magazine.

MANUSCRIPT DETAILS: Submit four complete sets of the ten poems, each set securely fastened. Your name, biographical information and information indicating whether a particular poem has been published should not appear on the poems. Instead, a separate cover page should include your name, address and phone number. Manuscripts will not be returned, so please retain a copy of your submission. THE NATION reserves the right to publish at its regular rates any previously unpublished poems.

JUDGING will take place in April; winners will be chosen by judges whose names will be announced after the contest is over.

DEADLINE for receipt of poems: February 9, 1976.

SEND ALL ENTRIES TO: The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA, 1395 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10028. Direct inquiries to Marianne Clay, Assistant to the Director, The Poetry Center.

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afternoon eleven of them agreed that Ms. Davis hadn't conspired with Jonathan Jackson to kidnap or murder anyone. The twelfth was a 65-year-old retired librarian, who admitted that she had voted "guilty" on the secret ballot because she felt she was being pushed too hard, and wanted time to think things over. A little later, another vote showed that she agreed with the others. Since it was obvious that if Ms. Davis was innocent of conspiracy she was also innocent of the kidnapping and murder charges, Ms. Timothy then asked for two more ballots—they could all thus clear up the case before the day was over. But the librarian said she'd rather take her time.

So, Ms. Davis had to wait some more; in her own book she says that she went to dinner at some friends' house, saw some girls jumping rope in the street, and joined them in their game! She had to wait through another night.

So did the jurors; at least one of them had gotten sick with anxiety the previous night. On Sunday morning they all felt better. They cleared up the two outstanding charges. At 12:20 they filed into the courtroom for the last time, to announce their verdict.

Ms. Timothy tells her story in a fairly "linear" way, and the method sometimes makes our journey bumpy. But she doesn't oppress us with weighty rhetoric, and she enhances the picture with her own opinions on ancillary matters. She is displeased by how overwhelmingly predominant men are in the judicial process. She doesn't feel that prospective jurors' private lives should be investigated. She doesn't believe that jurors are properly respected by the professionals who herd them around, and she laments that it isn't possible for jurors—given the transitory nature of the job—to organize and make their complaints felt.

Ms. Timothy got on the jury despite the fact that her husband is an attorney and her son was a conscientious objector. It's a good thing that she did, not only for Angela Davis's sake but for ours. From this disinterested source comes detailed corroboration—for those who need it—that the FBI's Most Wanted Criminal was indeed not guilty. The story is much easier to comprehend than the story of Watergate, and it should be remembered as long. □

ONCE

The high cloud and the rain,
and after summer,
an outhouse smelling of apples,
dark bruises
where we might have fallen.

William Bedford

'His Gaiety of Soul Was Invulnerable'

OSCAR WILDE. *By H. Montgomery Hyde. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 410 pp. $15.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

Seventy-five years after his tragic death in an obscure Paris hotel, Oscar Wilde remains one of the paradoxical figures of literary history. One may still admire his *Picture of Dorian Gray* as an early, if not profound study of schizophrenia, but much of its *fin de siècle* flavor has staled; one remembers the two or three best quatrains from *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, but undoubtedly can't recall a line from *An Ideal Husband, A Woman of No Importance*, and *Lady Windermere's Fan*; the sting and shame of "The Harlot's House" is passé, as is the Orientalia of *Salomé*. The paradox is that although Wilde, the author, is today remembered for one or two works—*Dorian Gray* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*—Wilde, the man, has been represented and misrepresented by dozens upon dozens of conflicting ones. Memoirs, biographies, confessions, portraits, journals, letters and reminiscences have come forth regularly over the years to join the first "life" of Wilde written by his friend, Robert Sherard, in 1906. Most of the books have had an ax to grind; too few a hatchet to bury; so withal it has been difficult to gain a balanced view of the man who once said to André Gide: "Would you like to know the great drama of my life? It's that I've put my genius into my life; I've put only my talent into my works."

Now, in this current biography, and his third full study of Wilde, H. Montgomery Hyde has written what must to date be the most rounded view. Hyde first became interested in his subject at Oxford when he had the rooms once occupied by Wilde, and he has been engaged in researching and collecting Wildeana for decades. Despite his closeness to the subject, he has done a yeoman job of refining himself out of the picture, courting factualness rather than lusting after conjecture, and striving for objectivity instead of—as has inevitably been the sport of most writers on Wilde—plunging madcap into psychoanalysis. A richer, less utilitarian prose style might have made this biography not only first rate but masterful; but no matter. Hyde's impeccable scholarship, his constant worrying the slightest past inaccuracy or ambiguity, his sane, occasionally witty arbitration, and his scrupulous detailing of events make it as definitive a document as we may expect to have.

For Oscar Wilde's life was, to say the least, extraordinary. Born in Dublin in 1854 to Sir William and Lady Wilde—people of considerable literary accomplishment—he shone brilliantly at Trinity and later at Oxford, winning prizes, publishing verse, but most significantly falling under the spell of Walter Pater and the Aesthetic Movement. By the time he was 22, Wilde was already celebrated for his conversational wit, his curious blend of sensitivity and snobbery, his eccentric dress and his continued proselytizing for the new Hellenism. The burning disciple of the Aesthetic Movement soon became its high priest and prophet. Recognizing a good bet, Richard D'Oyly Carte—then the producer of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*, which parodied "art for art's sake" in general and Wilde in many of his particulars—financed Wilde on a lecture tour of America where his reputation and traveling productions of *Patience* had preceded him. Audiences came to mock Wilde but left awed and impressed; only the fabulous Lillie Langtry seems to have captivated them more.

Wilde returned to England, very solvent, in 1883, tried his hand unsuccessfully at playwriting, and a year later married Constance Lloyd: a pretty, well-meaning girl, neither witty nor brilliant, but apparently by no means as stupid as some biographers make out. Hyde tells us that Wilde loved her deeply for the first two years (in 1886 Wilde met Robert Ross and became a practicing homosexual), and continued on for the next five as a dutiful husband and father until he met Lord Alfred Douglas: at which point Wilde left the garden for the hothouse. What *no* biographer—not even Hyde—cares to reckon with, is that Wilde was at his most productive

Robert Morris's most recent book is a study of V.S. Naipaul, Paradoxes of Order *(University of Missouri Press).*

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during these first seven years of marriage. Even after millions of words on Wilde's life have been written, this at once close and tenuous relationship with Constance demands further consideration by subsequent biographers, for Wilde, though he was yet to write his greatest play, was never to be as productive again.

The "prelude to disaster," as Hyde calls it, came in 1891 when Wilde met Lord Alfred Douglas at Oxford. Lord Alfred—"Bosie"—was a younger son of the eighth Marquis of Queensberry, and as beautiful, sensitive and poetic as his father was choleric, cruel and manly. Wilde wrote impassioned poems and letters to Lord Alfred, lavished gifts on him, quarreled (as only a lover might) with him, went abroad with him. Had Wilde carried on the affair discreetly nothing would have been made of it. But he flaunted his new passion, alienating many of his acquaintances and admirers. Not confining his attentions to Lord Alfred he frequented the stews of London, involving himself with "out-of-work stable boys, clerks, domestic servants." As the subsequent legal trials were to confirm, Wilde was not led astray by anyone but himself; he was indeed his own worst enemy, burning with too hard and too gemlike a flame. He became fair game for the Marquis of Queensberry who, thinking to protect his son, pursued, haunted and threatened Wilde. When he left the infamous card at the Albemarle Club—'For Oscar Wilde posing as a somdomite [*sic*]"—Wilde sued for libel. The suit against Queensberry misfired, but during the trial sufficient evidence about Wilde's private life came to the surface to give the Crown grounds on which to try and eventually convict him for indecent acts.

Wilde recorded much of the disastrous prelude and subsequent debacle in his melancholy, soul-searching, frank confession, *De Profundis*, written during his last months in Reading and not published *in toto* until 1960. Quite clearly Lord Alfred is villain of the piece.

Covertly supporting Wilde financially and spiritually in his libel suit, Lord Alfred deserted him openly at his second and third trials. That "Bosie" wished to wreak his own revenge against his father, and exploited his lover to do so, would appear to need no laboring; but his avowals of innocence in his own books on himself and Wilde cannot exonerate him from crass cowardice. Wilde was guilty of all they accused him of, and more, but was still more sinned against than sinning—and still upright enough (he had several opportunities to leave England and take up residence in France) to face all the hypocritical Mrs. Grundys who guffawed at his *Earnest* one day and gleefully applauded his going to prison the next.

Hyde devotes well over 100 pages to the trials and the imprisonment and they are, as might be expected, among the best sections of the book. And among the most pathetic. For while Wilde scored stunning repartee after stunning repartee against the defense counsel, Edward Carson, in the first trial, and proved a more sober, but nevertheless worthy opponent for the prosecuting attorney, Charles Gill, at the second, he was a shamed, contrite, broken, spiritless ghost of a man by the end of the third. He was found guilty on a dozen counts of gross indecency and sentenced to two years at penal servitude; a sentence that brought with it no chance of parole. Shifted from prison to prison, Wilde concluded his sentence in Reading where he met with much kindness from warders and governor alike, but confinement had ruined his health, and he left Reading with only four years to live.

Wilde spent these seeing his *Ballad* through the press, cadging money here and there, chasing after beautiful boys on the boulevards. His wife died before they could be reconciled and he never saw his two sons again. The man whose name was once synonymous with wit and fame and love and ease and laughter was forced, because of his shame, to use a pseudonym, "Melmoth," the wanderer of Charles Maturin's novel. At the height of his fame, Wilde could number among his acquaintances such luminaries as Aubrey Beardsley, Max Beerbohm, George Bernard Shaw, William Butler Yeats, Richard LeGallienne, William Rothenstein, André Gide, Ellen Terry, the Goncourts and scores more. He died practically alone, surrounded by a handful of devoted friends, including Robert Ross, Wilde's literary executor and the sole person to stick by him through all the years of adversity.

In the 1938 edition of Frank Harris's biography of Wilde, Bernard Shaw wrote:

> Please let us hear no more of the tragedy of Oscar Wilde. Oscar was no tragedian. He was the superb comedian of his century, one to whom misfortune, disgrace, imprisonment were external and traumatic. His gaiety of soul was invulnerable. It shines through the blackest pages of *De Profundis* as clearly as his funniest epigrams. Even on his deathbed he found in himself no pity for himself, playing for the laugh with his last breath, and getting it with as sure a stroke as in his palmiest prime.

One might say that Hyde's biography is a corroboration, line by line, of what Shaw wrote, with the knowledge of forty years added. Here at last is a biography that adjudicates among the scabrous, sloppy, sentimental, meretricious, ironic, fanciful accounts of a genius. *Oscar Wilde* is, one feels, the truest story yet of a man whom many loved, many loathed, and none could ignore or forget. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

It is the fashion this season to run down the Metropolitan Opera, and for once fashion would seem to be on the right track. As in another recent transitional season, blame and praise are not easily apportioned. Much of the planning for current performances obviously dates back to the earlier regime, and the Dexter-Levine duumvirate of artistic direction is not yet fully in effect—indeed, Levine's specification that his tenure as musical director begins only

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next season, surely implies a claim of "no responsibility" for the events of this one.

And little wonder, for musical underqualification has been the distinctive mark of most performances I have heard. Even *La Gioconda*, which came up impressively at early performances, could later be heard with much less distinguished voices—and without voices, this of all operas has little point. At the start, however, Martina Arroyo (Gioconda), Mignon Dunn (Laura), Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti (Enzo), and Matteo Manuguerra (Baranaba) made an impressive quartet, and Giuseppe Patanè elicited strong work from the chorus and orchestra; Ponchielli's rhetoric has not made such an effect hereabouts in many years, and John Dexter's new direction fitted well into Beni Montresor's handsome sets. If *Gioconda* is as well cast for its reappearances later in the season, it will be worth hearing.

The revivals of 1974's big successes were depressing. Indeed, *The Siege of Corinth* was so from the start, for the musical text of this version, "based upon historical reconstruction by E. Randolph Mickelson," with "musicological research by J.F. Mastroianni, Roland Gagnon and Warren Wilson," is simply a travesty of Rossini's intentions (see the admirably detailed review of the Angel recording by Philip Gossett in *The Musical Quarterly*, October 1975, for full details of this editorial mayhem). Even on its own terms, the execution of the edition is inadequate; by the fourth performance last fall, everybody seemed thoroughly bored—naturally enough, since a very dumb circus act has been made out of what was evidently a strong and serious example of Rossini's grand manner for Paris.

I discussed the anomalies of the Met edition of Mussorgsky's *Boris* last season. These have not been altered, though instead of Thomas Schipper's noisy brashness we have had Kazimierz Kord pushing Boris through his opening monologue as if it were Don Giovanni's Champagne Aria. After the Bolshoi Opera's performances last summer, the scrawny Met choral sound was very hard to take, and Jerome Hines didn't offer enough tone or breadth in the title role. There was a new Grigori, Misha Raitzin, who sang well enough (and seemed comfortable with the Russian text) but moved with a disconcertingly Cherubino-ish flightiness. Not a good evening, although Andrea Velis (Simpleton) single-handedly carried the haunting scene in front of St. Basil's Cathedral.

The first of this season's new productions was Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, staged by Gunther Rennert in ugly, cramped, implausible sets by Robert O'Hearn (one wondered first why servants' quarters should have enormous windows looking out on a staircase—but then, even more, how the events depicted could possibly have come to pass when every visitor could sneak a preview of the hide-and-seek games in those quarters). The nervous haste of Steuart Bedford's conducting was the evening's overriding musical characteristic (impelled, perhaps, by the need to get through a fuller musical text than the Met has offered previously in time for the midnight overtime deadline), severely limiting pleasure in the few competent vocal contributions: Judith Blegen's Susanna, Betsy Norden's delicious Barbarina, and Frederica von Stade's Cherubino (not at her best here, perhaps because it was sandwiched among her first essays at Adalgisa in Bellini's *Norma*, which requires a radically different vocal disposition).

Miss Norden was one of—actually, three of—the pleasures in the other new production, Puccini's *Trittico* half of the "Young Lovers" in *Il Tabarro*, Suor Genovieffa in *Suor Angelica*, and Nella in *Gianni Schicchi*. This trio of operas makes a long evening, with the pallid pseudo-ecclesiastical modalisms of *Suor Angelica* particularly trying under any circumstances, and the vulgar horseplay of this version of *Schicchi* constantly swamping the rather subtler comedy in the music. In fairness, it was decently if drably presented; at the second performance, Cornell MacNeil was indisposed, surely robbing at least

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Il Tabarro of the vocal intensity it needs to be effective (William Walker was the small-scale substitute in this work, Frank Guarrera the agile one in *Schicchi*).

In various European performances, Heinrich Hollreiser never impressed me as more than a decent *routinier*, but in the Met context he conducted a surprisingly involving traversal of Strauss's *Elektra*, with three very potent ladies: Danica Mastilovic (Elektra), Astrid Varnay (Klytaemnestra), and Leonie Rysanek (Chrysothemis). I like Rudolf Heinrich's production not at all; it's set in one of those "landscapes of the mind," the kind of place where myriad torchbearers arrive in answer to Klytaemnestra's summons—and the stage gets darker. Miss Mastilovic is a worthy successor to Birgit Nilsson: it may be heresy to say so, but she tunes her notes even more precisely, and she focuses the words with imposing conviction. The Chrysothemis scenes were treated with more breadth than usual, and the curve of tension, if not rising to as high a peak as under Reiner or Mitropoulos, was nevertheless steady and compelling. (Unfortunately, only Varnay and Hollreiser will carry over into the next series of performances, in January.) □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Sam Shepard's *Geography of a Horse Dreamer* and David Storey's *Life Class* (on separate stages of the Manhattan Theatre Club: 321 East 73rd Street) have as their subject the artist in our time—the first symbolically, the second directly.

The "artist" in Shepard's play is a fellow with an infallible intuition about horse races. Because his talent is profitable, he is taken over by a monopolistic English "boss" and his henchmen. But the genius excels only when close to his native ground—the American West. When moved to alien territory his gift fails him. His "owners" hold him captive in an unidentified pad, while they plan further punitive measures. But they soon learn that he may be equally brilliant as a dopester at the dog track. Though to engage in this sport is a comedown for him, his jailers are glad to continue his exploitation. In the end he is saved by his pals—Western types—who shoot down the racketeers. The meaning of this fable is clear: an artist's inspiration springs from an attachment to his natural roots. To cut him from them is criminal.

Shepard is one of the better of our young free-wheeling playwrights. His writing is vernacularly colorful, at moments even eloquent; he possesses an extravagant imagination. There is in him an old-time American saltiness, a quasi-mysticism mixed with a present-day metropolitan vulgarity that manages to be rather sympathetic. He has little discipline, a certain wildness is inherent in his dramatic behavior and very few of his plays hold together. *Geography of a Horse Dreamer* is not his best work, but there is a personal authenticity in it. Shepard has been living in England, thus cut off from *his* place—chiefly California. He has now returned to his original source.

The acting and direction of the play are not entirely on the mark; though vigorous they are unsifted and crude.

David Storey is one of the most interesting of present-day English playwrights. Though *Life Class* is not as finished an accomplishment as *The Contractor* or *Home*, it is nonetheless an arresting piece. It strikes me as a fragment of a larger design. It is an expression of an inner disquiet related to a persistent preoccupation. "Don't you get the feeling at times," the play's central figure says, "that [art is] a substitute for living?"

Allott, a painter who has lost his nerve and is also very poor, now conducts a seminar in drawing for a mixed group of working-class students in a vocational training school in Yorkshire. The students vary from wide-eyed yearners to scrubby learners. There is a mechanical pedantry in one young man and a base cynicism in two others. The school is run by a rather obnoxious and traditional academic who keeps spouting his faith in the "classical." The classroom is miserably cold. The nude model is a woman who, though only in her late 20s, no longer considers herself really young.

Allott's manner of instruction veers between scorn and pity. At moments he attempts to voice the last remnants of his exaltation in regard to the idea of artistic creation and then sneers at the futility of his job, given the lack of true purpose or enthusiasm in his students. He has come to doubt not only the value of his commitment to painting—which estranged him from his wife and which he has now given up—but his justification in teaching. His barbs and jokes are suppressed groans. He writes poetry in the privy and acid limericks on the classroom walls.

There is only one "event" in the play. Suddenly and rather unaccountably Allott offers to serve as a nude model—an offer which shocks some of the women in the class but foments an obscene excitement in two of the men. One of them knocks the class model down and while the other holds her fast the first one rapes her. Allott does nothing to prevent this brutishness; he may possibly derive from it some morbid—though not sexual—satisfaction. It springs from an unconscious desire for hell to break loose, for the chaos and violence of the day to take over, to wreak havoc with and *destroy* the fraudulence of his and the general situation in the world. Life overwhelms aesthetics: Allott loses his job!

The play is densely written with dashes of nervous and jagged wit. The various types, laconically and sardonically sketched, ring true. The tone is just: compassionate without sentimentality, objective without cruelty. The play disturbs, but it is not unhealthy or sadistic.

The entire cast is excellent and the direction by Robert Mandel right. Kevin Conway, who showed distinct promise in the first production of *Moonchildren* and *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?*, fulfills it by moving on to a many-faceted part in which the actor's capacity to convey vindictive contempt is tempered by intellect, irony, resignation and silent dismay. Veronica Castang, undertaking the difficult assignment of standing naked through a good part of the evening, succeeds in this

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not only without self-consciousness but with the dignity of an honest person living in a depressed time.

The revival of George Kaufman and Edna Ferber's *The Royal Family* (originally produced in 1927) was first presented at the Kennedy Center in Washington, moved on to the Brooklyn Academy of Music and is now playing at the Helen Hayes Theatre. As befits the holiday season, it has been greeted with festive glorias. It splashes with a cast of eminent actors.

I regret that I am unable to join the chorus. The text itself—inferior to such Kaufman pieces (in collaboration with Moss Hart) as *Once in a Lifetime* and *You Can't Take It with You*—follows a similar pattern: fashion a grab bag of eccentric characters, shuffle them about in cockeyed situations, and then have everyone fly into a hubbub of wacky confusion.

In *The Royal Family* the eccentrics are star actors—presumably the Barrymores. It is a celebration of the inextinguishability of stage glamour for those who impart it and those who bask in it. All very well, but, as written and granting the occasionally good jokes, it's pretty much of a fake—like café or columnist gossip.

Of course, nobody expected it to be taken in the least bit seriously. The fun was intended to be in the acting. The production is directed with fluent joviality by Ellis Rabb in an agreeable setting by Oliver Smith and pleasant period costumes by Ann Roth. The cast, expert throughout, performs with glossy assurance. But most of the acting is essentially conventional, without any special insight or remarkable characterization. The total effect is that of a synthetically glistening color photograph of beautiful "in" people as frequently seen in fashion magazines.

Of the various stars—Eva LeGallienne, Rosemary Harris, George Grizzard and Sam Levene—I prefer the first. She plays the role of the grandmother of them all with a modest sense of humor rarely displayed in her younger days. But neither she nor the others possess the indelible grandeur, the impressive force and stature which informed all the Barrymores even in their lapses into disarray or defeat. Still if you enjoy this *Royal Family*—such as it is—I don't mind!

Some people consider *The Glass Menagerie* Tennessee Williams's finest play. For me *A Streetcar Named Desire* is his masterpiece. The earlier play has the quality of a lovely minor poem, a tender miniature portending a wider horizon. The present Circle in the Square production betrays the play's poetic essence.

The direction is unenlightened. What it misses is the text's subdued key, the sense of regret which, as a *play of memory*, must permeate its every scene. All its characters are dreamers, "in love with long distance." Amanda, the mother, floats in a mist of old recollections of gentle grace and decorum, while she putters about in the shadows of present distraction. Her daughter Laura, frightened out of her wits by the twist in her leg and the dark of the household environment, takes refuge in the fragile fantasy of a glass unicorn and other such toys. The son Tom, immured by pity, imagines an escape from the viscous gloom of home and workshop. Even Jim, the kindly gentleman caller, hopes to rise above his mediocrity by entering a world he doesn't fully understand. None of these people can achieve a fullness of being because all of them have too long been submerged in the soot of a benighted city. What redeems them for us is the faint pulse of their need and longing.

Despite the individual talents of the actors, very little of the indispensable mood is wrought. There is hardly any spell or "mystery" in the performances. Maureen Stapleton, with her extraordinary sensibility flecked with her equally subtle humor, could have woven the needed spell, but for lack of the proper directional guidance she seems more like a Southland variation of the proverbial "Jewish mother," bent on capturing a husband for her unfortunate daughter, than like Williams's dreamy Amanda. Rip Torn has not been able to curb his aggressive energy enough; it seems implausible that he would not long ago have broken loose from his family ties. Pamela Payton-Wright, ideally cast as Laura, and Paul Rudd, simple and direct enough as the gentleman caller, cannot quite rise above the literalness of the whole.

A cute and funny little Christmas and New Year's gift is *Very Good Eddie*, the revival of a 1915 intimate musical by Guy Bolton and Jerome Kern (Booth Theatre). The production comes from the Goodspeed Opera House in Connecticut. It is very well cast and directed with happy invention by Bill Gile. It is a trifle, but such a trifle must nowadays be accorded a gratified welcome. It is full of blithe and innocent good will. Guy Bolton's book is unabashedly silly and, in its lack of pretension to be anything more, a relief. Jerome Kern's charming score reveals his burgeoning talent as more persuasive than the heavy battery and empty bang-bang in most of the musicals now on the boards.

Perhaps best of all is the acting company. The "leading lady" Virginia Seidel has a "period face": prim, winsome, unruffled by any suspicion of oppression or woe. The same is true of David Christmas (a perfect name), whose lean, smooth, straight and tall manliness and polite self-confidence are like the illustrated ads in the journals of yesteryear. Travis Hudson wows us as a full-bodied vocal teacher who accompanies herself on the piano in the dainty sprightliness of a number called *Katy-did*, and then bursts into the joyous hoopla of a more contemporary mode. Last, who should be first, is Charles Repole as the benign shrimp who develops into the stalwart very good Eddie of the show's title. He does everything well; so, in fact, does nearly everyone else, including the "Ensemble."

In my previous column, I spoke of

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the "normal" tone of the London company in *The Norman Conquests*, as contrasted to the "push" of the one in New York. The difference actually alters the nature of the script. In London one observes the *patience* of the play's foolish and frazzled people, and because they are patient one comes to like them. The American cast, playing more pointedly, heightens something down-putting, derisive and not wholly pleasant in the text.

This afterthought, together with my note on the bitter thrust in so many of our younger prominent actors, has provoked still another reflection. Present now is something frenetic in almost all productions. Very little is slow, relaxed, quiet or nuanced. Does this correspond to fear for the shaky state of our theatre, which demands big, big, big successes to justify itself? Is it a response to the unwholesomeness in the air and hence in the audience? There appears to be no confidence that an unemphatic or poised statement will be appreciated. We have to be knocked into alertness by a shove and a blow. This does not bespeak passion, only hysteria. Nothing really happens because all is climax. We are not enlivened by this treatment: our brains are battered, our capacity for contemplation dissipated, our taste dulled. Our stomachs turn and our hearts burn. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

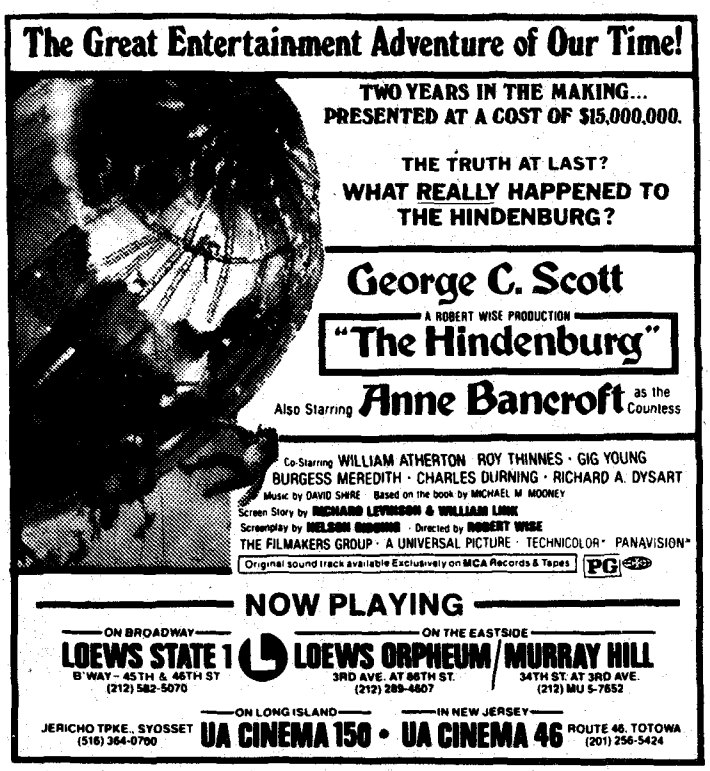
Richard Diebenkorn used to be a Bay Area figurative artist, but his references to figure and coastal landscape were strongly mediated by the paint he used. His liking for and skill at using paint, however, never took him to a point of full abstraction. In his Ocean Park series (recently at Marlborough Gallery), one of the main structural features is the crisscrossing of horizontals and verticals in the corners and edges of the pictures, but there is no connection with, say, Kenneth Noland's tartan patterns. Diebenkorn's lines are not weightless like Noland's but charged with the shifting emphasis of the hand, and his color is not smoothly continuous like Noland's but internally nuanced. The subtle color is put down with an attractively open touch, but the effect is less of the materiality of paint than of the play of light. Changes of light seem more important than color changes in his tempered gradients, thus implying a depicted space. The paintings are constituted by marks associated with representational painting, though without the specificity of realism, without, so to say, names.

Painters who work like this, between realism and abstraction, often seem to equivocate, avoiding the problems inherent in adopting either extreme fully. It seems essential to Diebenkorn, however, that he work with a sensibility divided between objects in the world and painting as an object. A singular concentration on the picture as such would mean a loss of resonance, and a fuller rendering of the world would divert the course of the painting process. Greater emphasis in either direction would distract him. The maintenance of divided attention is proof of his authenticity. He has always seemed an anxious painter, the sketchiness of his work the outcome of tension, not nonchalance. In the later Ocean Park series (a dozen paintings numbered between 68 to 89 were on view), his worry has become considerateness, giving the paintings an exceptional grace.

If the paintings contain analogues of things in the world, the question arises, of what? We should not simplify the references too much. They are just as likely to occur in the course of painting as to be present as a definite starting point. But at whatever stage they arise his pictures are incomplete without them. The right-angled relationships, such an easy recourse of Abstract painters, are definitely associational. The references are spatial and architectural, with implications of porch and veranda, wall and yard. We know from Diebenkorn's early work of his interest in compressing the landscape of Northern California into flattened images. In the Ocean Park series the flatness of the picture plane functions to lead him back to his own yard. The lines, parallel to the pictures' edges, are like the slats, boards and battens of frame construction. Thus the pictures acquire the kind of American virtue connoted by unpretentious construction.

If I dwell on the referential level of his pictures it is because their facture invites it. Diebenkorn paints with a sharp and incisive line that cuts into or may be overlaid by thin washes of color. These lines, whether stretched singly across a picture or closely bunched, are always flexible and supple; his colors, whether in a thin slat or a grainy plateau, are atmospheric and porous. This interplay of drawn line and painted surface is reminiscent of Willem de Kooning's paintings of 1948-50, through de Kooning's curvilinear body images have been given a rectilinear composure. Nonetheless the level of condensed reference is highly similar and in "Ocean Park, 82," a yellow painting with a sudden tilted oval, the influence is avowed like a quotation.

With this exhibition (or perhaps before, but I hadn't known) Diebenkorn shows himself to be one of the survivors of a difficult generation of American artists. The so-called second generation of Abstract Expressionists appeared at first to be exceptionally lucky, arriving on a scene that was prepared for them by the labors of the first Abstract Ex-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pressionists. In the event they were swamped by the riches they inherited from de Kooning, Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock and Clyfford Still. De Kooning in fact became famous for his demoralizing influence. It is interesting, therefore, that Diebenkorn felt obliged to keep up the de Kooning connection, but make it work (in the same way that Norman Bluhm, also second generation, successfully assimilated de Kooning in his own later work). The presence of the contested master is a central fact of these paintings, as much a part of the work process as the manual dexterity of the artist. A simplification of the notion of process, incidentally, is what seems to have done so much harm to many of Diebenkorn's contemporaries born in the 1920s. On one hand, process was taken to be embodied in muscular display (hectic brushwork); on the other, it was demonstrated by flow dynamics (the unimpeded flow of diluted paint). Diebenkorn's anxious attachment to painterliness and to references actually saved him from either reductive step. □

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Thackeray's first full-length novel was *The Luck of Barry Lyndon* (1844), revised twelve years later and reissued as *The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon.* The original title is sardonic, for though the work is a picaresque novel—set in the time of the Seven Years' War—its rascal hero is not redeemed by an honest heart beating beneath the flimflam, and the luck reserved for him by his creator is very bad indeed. Lyndon is an Irish adventurer and Thackeray, like many 19th-century English gentlemen, found the breed resistible.

Now comes Stanley Kubrick with a grandiose film he has written, produced and directed, and which he calls simply *Barry Lyndon.* It is a sumptuous costume romance of the sort one rarely sees nowadays, profligate of chateaux and manor houses, generous with duels, galloping horses and military slaughter. Tempers flare among the gentlemen, and the bosoms of the ladies show to great advantage in the décolletage of the period. Moreover, the narrative has the good fortune to flow through Irish, English and Continental landscape of an excellence that might be called ravishing, if not indescribable.

All of this, it can readily be seen, constitutes popular entertainment of a particularly reliable sort, and it is not by accident that *Barry Lyndon* opened in two New York theatres at the start of the winter holiday season. But Kubrick is not a man who would spend time, money and reputation to create a spectacle that might chime nicely with the Radio City Music Hall's annual Christmas stage extravaganza. He took up Thackeray's little-known book, I think it is evident, because it gave him the chance to marshal all the resources of confectionary drama in the service of a thoroughly corrupt, sadistic and remorseless story. The effect intended, I believe, is that your senses should be delighted at the same time that your feelings are plunged into despair. And for this Kubrick is receiving unstinted applause.

It is indeed a bold idea for big-theatre, big-screen, mass-audience entertainment, but the acclaim must be for the intention, not the achievement. *Barry Lyndon* is as stultifying as it is prodigious.

For a start, the picture appears to have been designed by someone who learned the craft at Madame Tussaud's. Scene after meticulous scene, the screen offers tableaux of such ostentatious historical fidelity, so stuffed with period curiosities and arranged with such a canny sense of how composition may be most strikingly arranged, that it scarcely seems possible the figures displayed can be anything less endurable than wax effigies. This impression is reinforced by the circumstance that the actors carry out their violent exercises, accompanied in close-ups by grimaces of extreme emotion, with an uninvolved efficiency that calls to mind some old-fashioned handbook of Thespian technique. The two leads in the picture, Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson, are alike in that they invariably do interesting things in the least interesting way possible, and express their feelings as though emotion could be conveyed by turning on and off hot-and-cold water taps. It may be that they are not talented, or at least not able to relate to more of the 18th century than its costumes. But since the improving hand of the mortician seems to have passed over the whole company, I suspect that the animation of the production was killed by a striving for perfection. Kubrick has always shown a passion for meticulous staging, an obsession that, without neutralizing them, imparted an uncanny gloss to *Dr. Strangelove, 2001* and *A Clockwork Orange.* But a costume romance is in any case so close to a waxworks that this time the polish has frozen. If one imagines that every encounter in the film was shot ten, twenty, fifty times before the result was declared usable, the dispassionate precision of the actors' drill becomes understandable.

Thackeray, to go back to him, was an ironist of prowess, and the picture takes advantage of that gift by employing a narrator, Michael Hordern, who from time to time comments on the proceedings in phrases that I assume come fairly straight from Thackeray's pen. But he spoils the fun by speaking in accents so excessively dry that I felt he had judged me slow-witted. And the whole affair is bathed in a musical score, composed by Leonard Rosenman from works by Bach, Handel, Mozart and others, and conducted by him at a tempo and sound level that seem to mire and smother the proceedings in the interest of inspiring awe. In short, *Barry Lyndon* is a subduing three hours to impose on an audience innocently bent on pleasurable escape into a more colorful, if not happier, age than its own. □

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1614

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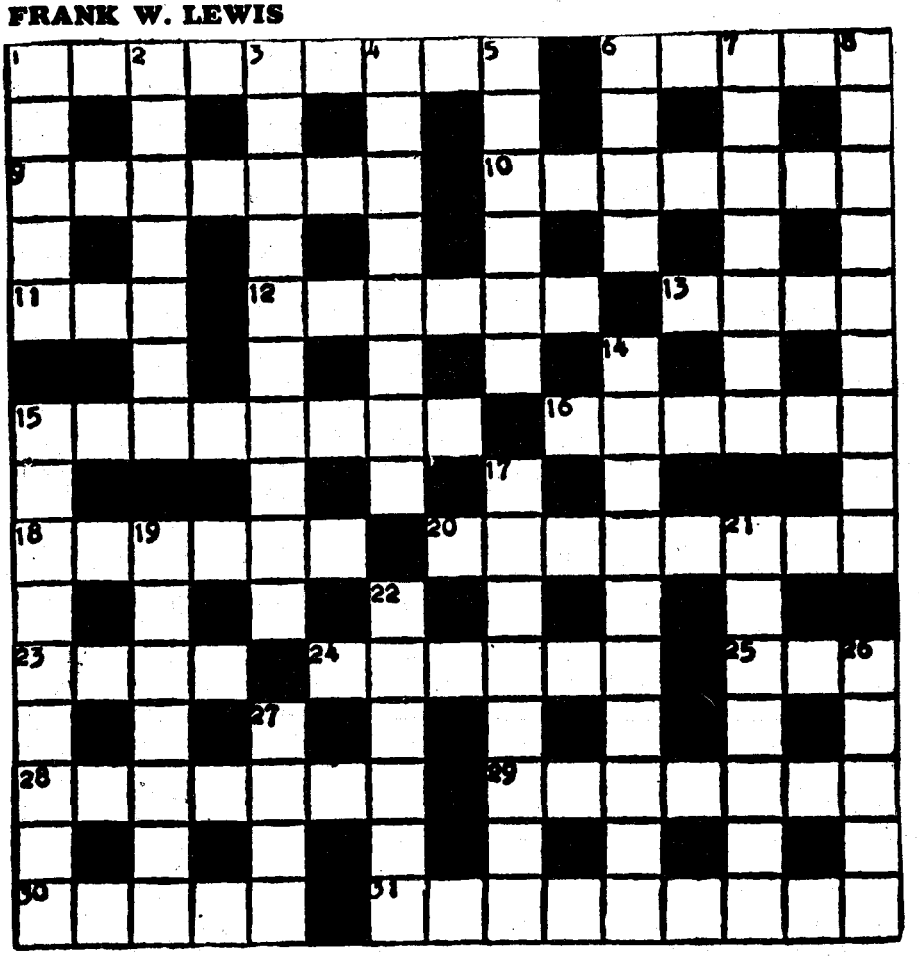

ACROSS

1 See 30 across
6, 25, 26 and 27 Mother's aboard, with half a score overseas on the mark, to see North on one side and South on the other, as they used to say. (5,3,5,4)
9 The old mare ain't what she used to be; it's equivalent to count over one. (7)
10 Examine the shape of things? The Act of Rebellion doesn't. (7)
11 Still an eye test should show it! (3)
15 A garden snake might appear attractive. (8)
16 Room at the top? (6)
18 Swell way to pad your account, possibly. (6)
20 One in a rush, for instance, exemplified by the post-Civil War states. (8)
23 Said to be known by authority—not exclusively agriculturists. (4)
24 One of Byron's gleamers. (6)
28 Possibly a strain in relations with a former ruler—a close one, in fact. (7)
29 An obvious implement to cut what the oppressive government might do. (7)
30 and 1 across Part of your make-up, if not content with a real flutter? (5,9)
31 It took almost a week and a half to tell how the dream once might be interpreted. (9)

DOWN

1, 22 and 13 Each one, as the before-and-after ads show in reverse, happens repeatedly at random. (5,3,3,4)
2 It might show that at least one mistake was caught. (7)
3 Does it mark a sort of free-fall, leaving the power behind? (10)
4 It seems the melon had burst in one's own territory. (8)
5 Safe rescue, possibly. (6)
7 She possessively follows most trouble when cut off the air. (7)
8 Put up for the office man to dine out. (9)
14 You'll find one in a man with a bad master as the most important course. (10)
15, 6 down and 12 The variegated layer of paint responsible for a distinguished member of the family? (3,4,2,4,6)
17 Possibly is come around a place of magic, descriptive of middle-age animals? (8)
19 Prepared for a drop, if you're expecting the game to go your way? (7)
21 Stretch of land, alternatively what might be used on one. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1613

ACROSS: 1 Up to scratch; 9 and 22 Concrete example; 10 Reaper; 11 Inducts; 14 Pestle; 15 Articles; 17 Asserted; 20 Tulips; 24 Handles; 26 Solves; 27 Intended; 28 French bread. DOWN: 2 and 21 Pick up the pieces; 3 and 12 Over the rainbow; 4 Crew; 5 Abreast; 6 Chain; 7 Pounce; 8 Repose; 13 Handy; 16 Caledonia; 18 Sexton; 19 Tells on; 20 Toaster; 23 Mover; 25 Wish.

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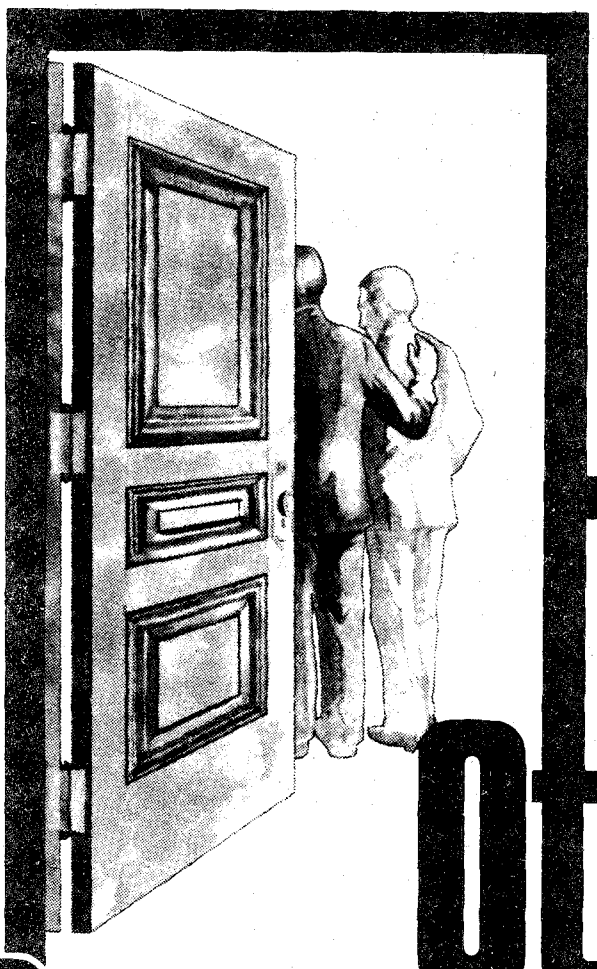

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